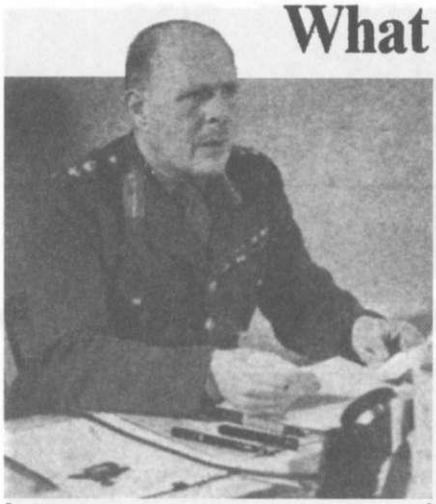
The War Illustrated

Vol. 1 A Permanent Picture Record of the Second Great War No. 19

The Soviet Air Force has found the Finnish anti-aircraft gunfire surprisingly and unpleasantly effective. Here in the winter snows a member of a Finnish anti-aircraft gun crew is observing Soviet machines with a range-finder. Fighter aeroplanes, as well as guns, have taken part in meeting the Red menace from the air with remarkable results. On December 27 the official Finnish communiqué announced that "during the day our air force and anti-aircraft guns destroyed 12 enemy 'planes, mostly bombers." When to these were added the aircraft brought down by the Finnish naval units the total amounted to at least 23 destroyed in a single day.

What is the Front Line Really Like?

One of the most realistic descriptions of the real front line that have passed the Censor, this article is drawn from a contribution made by M. Alexandre Arnoux to "La Revue de Paris." M. Arnoux's vivid word-picture may be taken as being equally true of that portion of the front held by British troops.



From Viscount Gort, V.C., Commander-in-Chief of the British Field Force:

ONCE more within the memory of many of us a British Expeditionary Force is spending Christmas in France, and once again, under the leadership of a great soldier of France, the Allied Armies stand united to resist aggression.

In the year that lies ahead difficulties and dangers will undoubtedly arise, as they have done in the wars of the past, but they will be surmounted owing, on the one hand, to the close understanding which today exists between the French nation and ourselves and, on the other hand, to the knowledge that your thoughts are with us at all times, whether the weather be fair or foul.

In whatever part of the Empire you may dwell, I extend to you all cordial good wishes for Christmas and the New Year. *December* 23, 1939

IF we wish to meet the fighting soldiers in this war we shall find them in front of the Maginot Line between the Rhine and the Moselle. No continuous line of trenches is there, for it would be impossible to consolidate them where the spongy land exudes water and each shell-hole is quickly transformed into a swamp; nor can there be any battle in the usual sense of the word—only an infinity of skirmishes, patrols, raids, and ambushes, hazardous nocturnal reconnaissances and probings across an obscure desert tangled and slimy with mud. Here in the night traps are more important than artillery or assault, and each soldier becomes in turn a hunter of men or a trapped beast, often both at once.

Deciding one day to go up to the advanced positions, I took the road of the rations. From the army butchery I travelled to the dump where the meat was distributed to the army cooks. There I attached myself to one of the field kitchens which was going to take a hot meal to men in the front line.

We left the main road and branched off up a winding lane on the flank of a wooded hill. When we got near to the crest of the hill we had to stop, otherwise the "Fridolins" [Fritzes] would catch sight of us, my companion informed me, as they held the ridge on the other side of the valley.

A stretch of grassy downland separated us from the French troops. They saw us coming, and the ration party came out of the wood at the top of the hill, running down with their mess tins, their canvas buckets, their dishes and their billie-cans. The two rear men were pushing perambulators, looking like khaki nurses. It is a good way of transporting the rations.

I walked up the slope behind them. We crept into the undergrowth across a colonnade of grey trunks, tramping over the sodden leaf-mould. There is no means of digging a dug-out here. They sleep, whenever they can snatch an hour's repose, on the ground, protected by the disjointed planks taken from some farm building and a scrap of corrugated iron or tarred felt.

The only guard against a surprise attack is a few strands of wire, strung between trees, to which are attached as a primitive form of alarm, empty sardine and bully-beef tins. A kitchen range, dragged out of an evacuated farm, serves to warm up the food and the coffee, but it can be lit only when a favourable breeze will dissipate the smoke.

'Rations Up!'

The ration party unloaded the billies and the dixies, placed the bucket of wine on the ground, unwrapped the cheese and pâté, and apportioned the bread. From time to time a shell whistled over our heads. The odour of the stew mingled with that of the cold fermenting of the forest, through which passed a chilly breeze, impregnated with mist.

The noise of mastication, slow and methodical, filled this corner of the wood. Conversation was rare. These men, who have held this position for many days, have already become old campaigners, with no distractions save an occasional brief nap. They have not had their clothes or boots off for days, and have kept an unceasing guard with eye and ear, even in their dreams. They ate their food standing up, taciturn.

An officer agreed to take me with him on his tour of inspection of the advanced posts. We set off, surrounded by three or four men with loaded rifles at their hips. It was growing dusk. On the edge of the wood a sentinel was gazing through the branches with his field-glasses. "Nothing fresh," reported the look-out, whose face was muffled in a thick scarf, "except for some smoke on the right, and the passing of shadows. They have certainly posted observers between those two big oaks."

We continued our rounds, skirting the woods. We could now see quite clearly the little hamlet that was to be the scene of tonight's expedition. It lay there silent, without a movement, absolutely deserted in appearance.

We reached the machine-gun post. In the distance could be heard the lowing of a cow, left there after its masters had departed. Pigs, too, wandered about in the fields, coveted by the soldiers of both sides, grunting their way between a French death and a German death, not knowing whether they would become democratic black-pudding or totalitarian sausage.

There was the hoot of an owl. The machine-gunner pricked up his ears. Then a faint metallic sound struck the ear, so feeble that it might have been a ghost bell. Everyone listened and peered out. Nothing more could be heard. One of the men affirmed that the cry of an owl and the bell have already been used as a rallying signal.

The men of a reconnaissance group emerged from the middle of a lake of mud of the consistency of syrup. The captain welcomed us. We slopped along in his wake, past "Destruction 5," where the mined roadway formed a yawning crater, past the barrier of trunks and branches.

The advanced posts were all alike on this sector of the front: alert sentinels, machine-gunners, the watching of the tracks of the German nightly infiltration, large woods guarded by a handful of men dispersed in little groups, the temporary occupation of the barns and hamlets in

While leading a patrol, Corporal Thomas William Priday (above) was killed on Dec. 9—the first British soldier to be killed in the war. His funeral in a military cemetery was attended by the French G.O.C.

Ready to Fire Six Hundred Rounds a Minute

Well camouflaged in a snow-clad wood, this Bren gun, manned by British infantrymen, is ready to spit a veritable hailstorm of bullets at the enemy, for it fires 600 or more rounds a minute. In the Army of 1914 there were only four machine-guns to a battalion, but now there are fifty Bren guns in the armament of each battalion. Four men are needed for each gun, two to work it and two to bring up the ammunition. This gun is being fired from a tripod, but Bren guns can also be fired from the shoulder. Their weight is 21 lb.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Friend and Foe as Near as the Rifle Speaks

The men who joined the forces "for the duration" of the last war were known as the "New Army." Today there is another "New Army," for men who were little more than infants when the "war to end war" was fought have responded to their country's call in her hour of need in a spirit that must put to shame those who decried the younger generation. It is difficult to imagine a happier band of warriors than these young Britons marching through a wood towards the front line in France. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Above are two scenes with the German Army somewhere in front of the Siegfried Line. The top photograph shows a camouflaged German artillery observation post, looking out towards the Maginot Line. In the lower photograph German soldiers are carrying up rations in metal containers to the front line through a wood where undergrowth makes heavy going.
Photos, Planet News and International Graphic Press

No-man's land, and the always perilous search for German mines. Certain of the men seem to have developed a special flair for this work, and have become, as it were, "diviners" of these hidden traps.

"Marsan," said a sergeant to me, "can smell the things. You see that greenhouse over there, on the edge of the stream? I was just going to step on the doormat when Marsan caught me by the shoulders and stopped me. I would have been a 'goner,' otherwise. We investigated, and there was the fuse, sure enough. I tell you, he smells them. We have to keep our wits about us. The door-handle trick is an old one; we are not caught by that one any more. But we have to look out for the bell rope in the church, the canary's cage, the false corpse and the watch chain. Naturally, we give as good as we receive."

There are all types of men here: plebeians and aristocrats, the austere and the irrepressible, the snobs and the mixers, all working together in perfect union. France remains today one of the few countries that cannot be reduced to a grey uniformity, where a commander of a reconnaissance group can still keep his spurs, and where a humble private is ready to die but obstinately refuses to have his hair cut!

And this, then, is the kind of war they are carrying on; strenuous, sleepless, full of constant anxiety, calling for stubborn physical resistance, watchfulness without repose, well-conditioned reflexes, the firmest courage, the suppleness of an Indian on the warpath, tenacity, a constant tension, and a sang-froid which neither fatigue nor nerve-strain nor isolation in the woods can destroy.

Air Heroes of Two Wars Now Sleep Side by Side

This headstone marks the grave of 2nd Lt. Pollock of the R.A.F. killed July 20, 1918, and buried in the Charmes Military Cemetery at Essegny, Vosges. Right, a cross in the same cemetery on the grave of A Sgt. C. Thomas, a British airman killed in 1939.

THE great British cemeteries in France have once more opened their gates for the burial of British soldiers who have laid down their lives in the fight for freedom, thus giving the lie to the Nazi gibe that England will fight to the last Frenchman. A writer in "France Magazine" commented thus on these photographs: "British soldiers who lost their lives in the present conflict lie side by side with their elder brethren in the same historic ground that is the soil of our country. Germany is wasting her time in denying this." Here are the British and French casualties as published in Paris late in December 1939:

	Navy	Air	Army	Total
British ...	2,070	438	3	2,511
French ...	256	42	1,135	1,433

The three photographs in this page appeared originally in a French illustrated paper, "France Magazine." Each of them was described in terms emphasizing the solidarity of Britain and France in their fight against Nazism and the equality of their sacrifice. Beneath the photograph reproduced above were these words. "Somewhere on the French front two British soldiers have just been taken to their last resting-place. In this solemn hour their comrades and those who bore them there stand in silent homage before the graves strewn with autumn flowers gathered in a garden of Lorraine."

Brains Triumph over Brute Masses in Finnish War

With dramatic suddenness the Finns turned the tables on the Russians in the last days of 1939, when not only did they halt the Red Army's offensive, but they themselves crossed into enemy territory at several points. Swiftly they pursued their advantage, hoping to force the issue before Russia's millions were flung into the fight.

CHRISTMAS brought no armistice in the war which is being fought in the "Land of a Thousand Lakes." On Christmas Day, indeed, most of the people of Helsinki who had not been evacuated spent much of the morning and afternoon in the air-raid shelters as Russian bombers passed across the sky. Some 20 or 30 bombs were dropped on the outskirts, but little damage was done. More than forty other Finnish towns were also bombed, and Viipuri (Viborg) in particular suffered considerable damage, although no objects of military importance were hit. Viipuri was also bombarded by Russian howitzers from a distance of twenty miles or so, and by midnight several hundred shells had fallen in the town and a number of fires had been started in the wooden buildings.

If in the air the Russians resumed the offensive, on the land there was a very different tale to report. The force of the onrush which at the opening of the war had carried the Soviet hordes across the frontier was now spent, and in a fierce counter-attack the Finns swiftly recaptured most of the ground which had been lost.

In the Karelian Isthmus the fighting was of the fiercest description, but although the Russians were reported to be employing more than 100,000 men they were unable to breach the Mannerheim Line. Wave after wave of shock troops were sent across the frozen lakes, but, repeating Napoleon's famous stroke at Austerlitz, the Finnish artillery blew holes in the ice, with the result that many hundreds of the attackers were drowned. After firing a million shells and employing hundreds of tanks and warplanes, the Russians were forced to recoil, baffled afresh. Here it was reported that the Finns were making history in fighting on skates.

North of Lake Ladoga near Tolvajärvi and Aglajärvi a battle which lasted for several days ended on December 23 in the

Weather conditions in Finland make mechanical transport extremely difficult, and the Red Army has employed many horse- and mule-drawn vehicles. Above is the pitiable scene after a Soviet supply train had been ambushed and completely wiped out by a party of Finnish machine-gunners.

Photo, Planet News

A large number of Russians, both officers and men, unable to endure the conditions under which they are fighting, have given themselves up to the Finns. Above, a Red Army officer is caught by the camera in the act. Right, General Wallenius, in command of the Northern Finnish Army, is questioning a Russian prisoner.

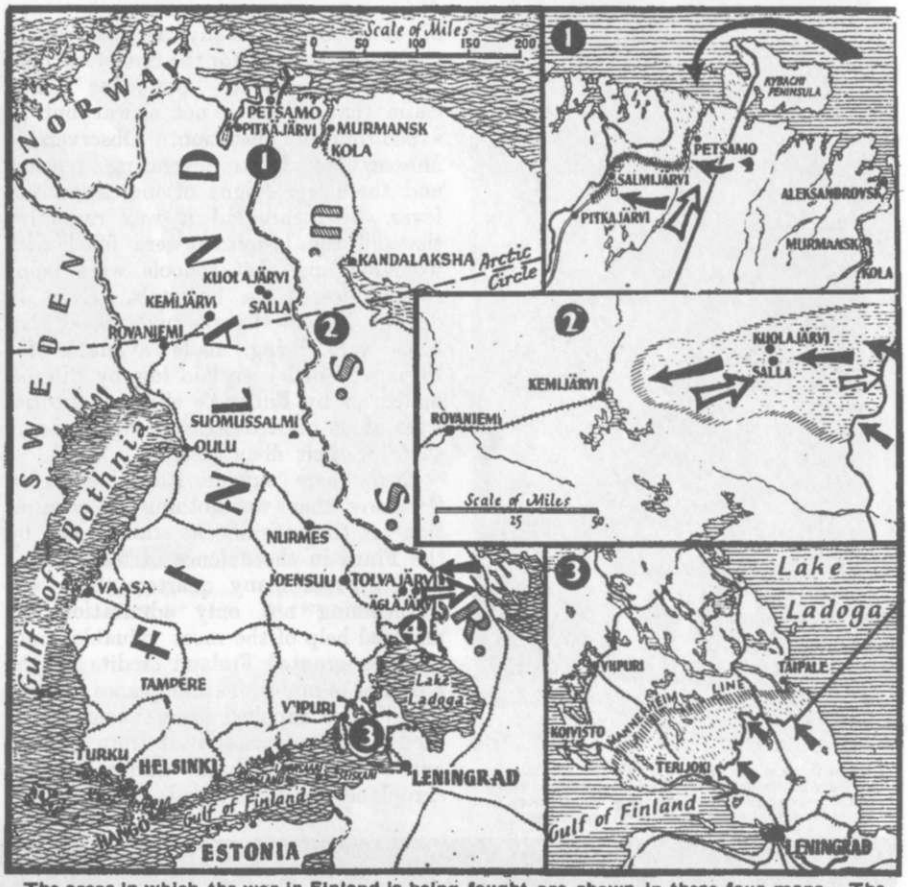
Photos, Keystone

Disaster Overtakes the Columns of the Invader

complete rout of the invaders. The Russian troops were driven back to the frontier and even in some places beyond it, and the Finns claimed to have killed 2,000 and to have captured 600 prisoners.

In the "waist" of Finland, in the war's central zone, the invading columns of the Red Army were similarly unsuccessful. First, the column moving on Suomussalmi was driven back, and then those troops which had moved from Salla in the direction of Kemijaervi and Rovaniemi were taken by surprise and completely routed. Here in a wilderness of forest and lake, in a world of perpetual twilight and the most bitter cold, the invaders found themselves assailed on every side by hardy fighters who knew every inch of the country and were, moreover, thoroughly acclimatized to the terrible weather conditions. After a week's struggle the Finns scored a decisive victory. The 163rd Russian division of 18,000 men, their powers of resistance sapped by the bitter cold and by shortage of food, was almost annihilated, and huge quantities of guns and war material were captured. The Finns' only complaint was over the scarcity of their ammunition. "There are more Russians in this sector," said one, "than we have cartridges."

So complete was the reversal of fortune that by the end of the year General Wallenius, Commander of the Finnish Northern Army, revealed that his troops



The areas in which the war in Finland is being fought are shown in these four maps. The black arrows indicate the direction of the Russian attacks, while the white arrows refer to the Finnish counter-attacks. Three of the battle areas are shown in more detail in the smaller maps inset on the right. *By courtesy of "News Chronicle"*

Here is a scene with the Finnish Army in the southern war area. Troops are deploying to take up positions in which to meet an advance of the Red Army. The thickly wooded country, now deep in snow, is typical of that through which the Russians have attempted to advance towards the Mannerheim Line. *Photo, Wide World*

were now operating in enemy territory. The woods which extended across the frontier were filled with Russian dead and wounded, and there was not a spot, he declared, between the frontier and Kandalaksha, the Russian advanced base on Kandalaksk Bay, an arm of the White Sea, where the Russians were safe from attack. "We don't let them rest," he said, "we don't let them sleep. This is a war of numbers against brains. We train our men to fight individually and they can do it, whereas the Russian soldier can never rid himself of his natural gregarious instincts."

Even in the extreme north, where the Russians were able to land troops and munitions from the sea, they were so harried by the Finnish sharp-shooters moving invisibly on their skis across the snow, that they retreated on Petsamo, leaving behind them a miniature railroad and some Diesel tractors and trucks which the Finns promptly turned round and used to bring up their supplies.

None can tell what were the real losses in this campaign where the corpses of the fallen were swiftly covered by white snow and the sombre waters of the lakes. Moscow professed that the Red Army casualties were only some 1,800 killed and 7,000 wounded, but the Finns put the enemy killed, wounded, taken prisoner and incapacitated by frostbite

Incendiary Bombs Illumine the Wintry Scene

Fierce fires were caused in Turku (Aabo) by the bombs dropped by Red bombers. Here A.R.P. workers are fighting the flames in the bitter cold of the Northern winter.

at some 100,000. In any case, the casualties were too great for the Soviet authorities to be able to "put over" their claim that this was not a war but an expedition of liberation. Observers in Moscow noted an increasing tension, and there were signs of increasing war fever. In Leningrad it was rumoured that all the hospitals were filled with wounded and that schools were being commandeered as hospitals. Even in distant Moscow it was understood that beds were being made available for those who had been laid low by Finnish bullets or by Finland's climate. Stories were afoot of Red Army generals being shot for their ill-success.

Everywhere outside Russia, even in Germany, there was nothing but admiration for the magnificent stand made by the Finns in the defence of their homeland. From many quarters there was forthcoming not only admiration but material help of the most valuable kind. America granted Finland credits for the purchase of munitions and 'planes, Britain and France supplied arms; some thousands of volunteers arrived from Sweden and Italy; and South Africa released aeroplanes for the Finnish front.

Many scenes of such pathos were witnessed during the bombing of Helsinki. A Finnish mother with her baby in a basket is fleeing during the air attack on Christmas Day.

The scenes in this page would have to be multiplied many times over to give an idea of what Christmas week meant to the Finns. Above are houses in Viipuri, the Finnish port on the Gulf of Finland, which were set on fire by bombs dropped by Red aircraft on Christmas Day. Viipuri is only a little over 70 miles from Leningrad, and therefore within easy reach of bombers. Besides being bombed from the air it has been bombarded by Russian long-range guns.

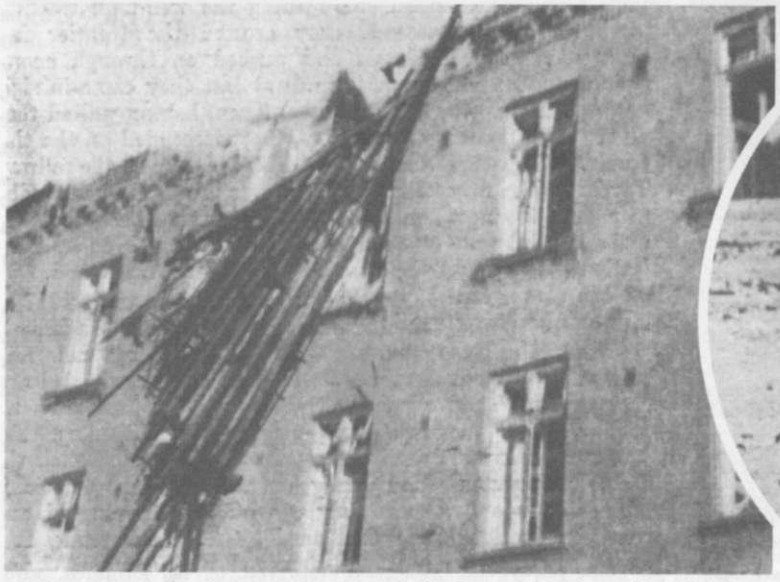
Photos, Wide World, Keystone and Associated Press

Cameos of Destruction in Raided Helsinki

Another Soviet 'plane has come to grief in the snows of Finland during the course of an air raid. Its remains are being examined with interest by Finnish airmen.
Photo, Fox

Above, a Finnish radio commentator, microphone in hand, is describing to listeners a Soviet air raider shot down by the Finnish defences. The red star of the Soviet Union is plainly marked on the fuselage.
Photo, Fox

Right, a house in Helsinki after a Russian air raid. The upper storeys were completely destroyed and the entrance was wrecked by bombs, so that the only means of escape for those who were sheltering within the building was by climbing down this wooden pole.
Photo, Fox



This children's hospital in Helsinki was badly damaged by incendiary bombs, and firemen are seen throwing down debris from the roof. Luckily the patients had been evacuated in time. In the circle, a Finnish air raid warden is standing by a notice which reads: "Stop! Unexploded bomb." *Photos, Keystone*

Finland Has Her 'Lawrence of the North'

In the epic story of the war in Finland, in which a veritable Goliath of a Russia is hard put to it to maintain its attack against the Finnish David, there is no more heroic episode to record than that of the "Suicide Squad" operating in enemy territory.

Of all the famous figures thrown up by the Great War there was none more spectacular than "Lawrence of Arabia," the young archaeologist who exchanged his search for inscriptions and potsherds for the organizing of dare-devil dashes against the Turkish lines of communication in Palestine and Syria. Today Finland is acclaiming the man whom she is proud to call the "Lawrence of the North." Just as Lawrence and his Arabs tore up the Turks' railway lines, so General Tavela has succeeded in severing the railway which is the only link between Leningrad and Russia's northern army of some 10,000 men based on Murmansk.

Himself a champion ski-runner, General Tavela picked 250 of the most expert ski-runners available to compose what, considering the danger and difficulty of the enterprise in which they were about to be engaged, was not inaptly called the "Suicide Squad." They were armed with pistols and 250 rounds of ammunition apiece. They wore white coats and white helmets so as to render them invisible against the snow, and carried on their backs concentrated food for ten days and a lamb-skin sleeping sack. Even their skis and boots were specially treated to make them noiseless.

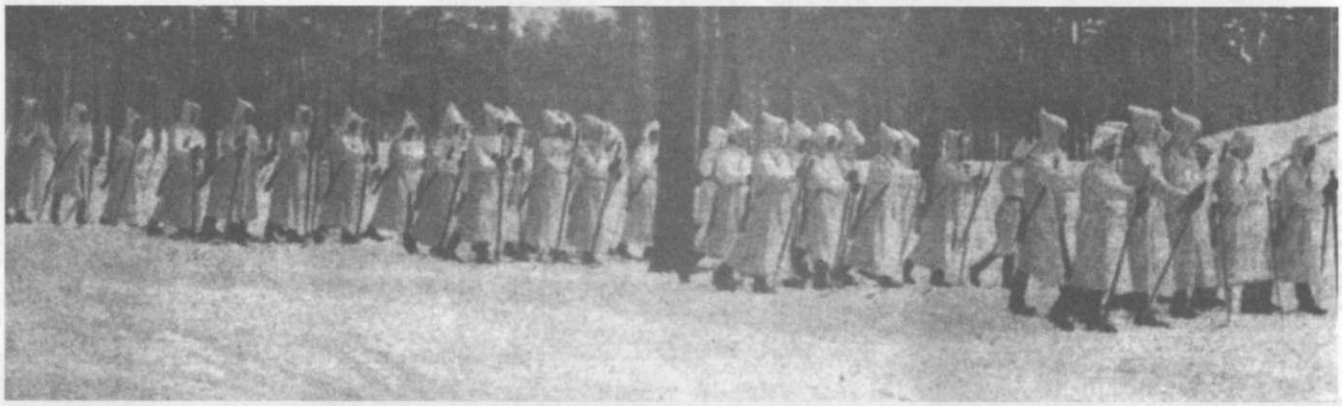
Their objective was to attack the Russian flanks and supply columns and to destroy the railways and roads. Shortly after leaving their headquarters the squad split up into small groups each charged with a different task. General Tavela with fifty men chose the most difficult of the objectives—the attack on the Leningrad-Murmansk railway.

Swiftly the patrols went about their work. They sped across the snows invisible and silent, for they communicated not by words but by signs. In each party the youngest carried a portable radio transmitter, by means of which they were able to keep in touch with the Finnish headquarters. Nerved to do or die by the realization of their country's distress, the "Suicide Squad" attacked any and every Russian force with which they could make contact. By day they raided the marching columns, seizing the moment when, perhaps, a waggon had slipped off the track and the men in the column had no eyes for the ghostly figures which flitted here and there among the sombre trees. With deliberate aim the intrepid ski-runners picked off man after man, until the scene was wrapped once more in a dark silence.

By night, too, they kept up the fight, and many a shivering wretch, cursing the inefficiency of the Soviet commissariat, crashed into the embers of his camp fire with a Finnish bullet in his brain.

Meanwhile, Tavela and his chosen fifty pushed on as fast as they could travel across the hundreds of miles which separated the Finnish front from their objective near the shores of the White Sea. Threading the well-nigh trackless forest, they crossed the frontier into Russia and pushed on through enemy country until at last they came in sight of their goal. Then, having waited their opportunity, they descended on the thin black line of steel and tore up the railway, flinging the metals into some inaccessible gulley. Some reports stated that the "Suicide Patrol" reached Kandalaksha, the Russian base on the White Sea.

As the Turks found in Syria in 1917, so the Russians must find it in 1940 a difficult task to repair the line, when new rails have to be brought from Leningrad and work has to be done when the barometer registers 50 degrees below freezing. Yet until the repairs have been effected, the Red Army operating in the Arctic is completely cut off from Leningrad and the Russian interior. Murmansk, too, must be deprived of its supplies, and following the success of the "Suicide Squad" there were reports of food riots in this northern outpost of the Soviet realm.

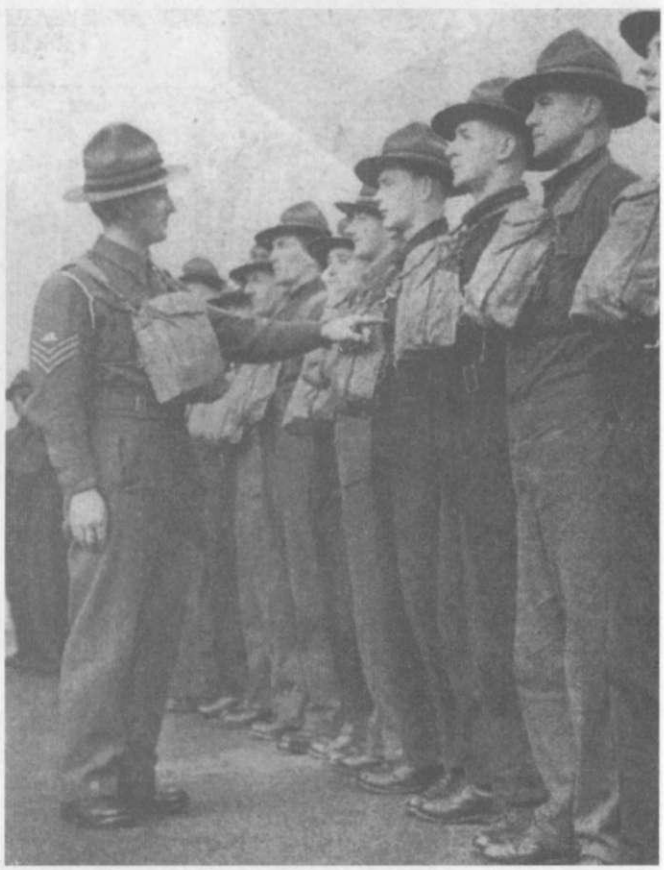


Those men who formed the "Suicide Squad," whose activities are described in this article, were dressed very much as are the Finnish soldiers seen in the top photograph. So clad they must have been invisible against the white landscape. Our other photograph is of a Russian light tank which has come to grief on one of the tracks—they can hardly be called roads—followed by the invaders. By the end of the first month's fighting the Finns claimed that they had disposed of 250 enemy tanks. *Photos, Keystone and Planet News*

New Zealand Hastens to Help the Motherland

Above, recruits for the New Zealand Expeditionary Force undergoing intensive training in their own country.

ALTHOUGH New Zealand lies at the other end of the world—so far away that her people have no need of black-outs, gas masks, or air-raid shelters—she is playing her full part in the Empire's war effort. New Zealand pilots have distinguished themselves in the air fights over the North Sea, and the "Achilles," in the glorious battle of the Plate, was manned very largely by New Zealanders. Moreover, the Dominion is raising a large force for service overseas, to be commanded by Major-General B. C. Freyberg, V.C., who played such a gallant part in the Great War, both on Gallipoli and in France.



There is work for those pilots of the New Zealand Air Force who are still at home, for a constant coastal reconnaissance patrol is kept up to watch for raiding enemy warships. Above left, New Zealand airmen making a flight on this service. Right are some of the New Zealanders resident in Great Britain who are now training to be ready to join the main contingent when it arrives from their homeland. A gas mask inspection is in progress.

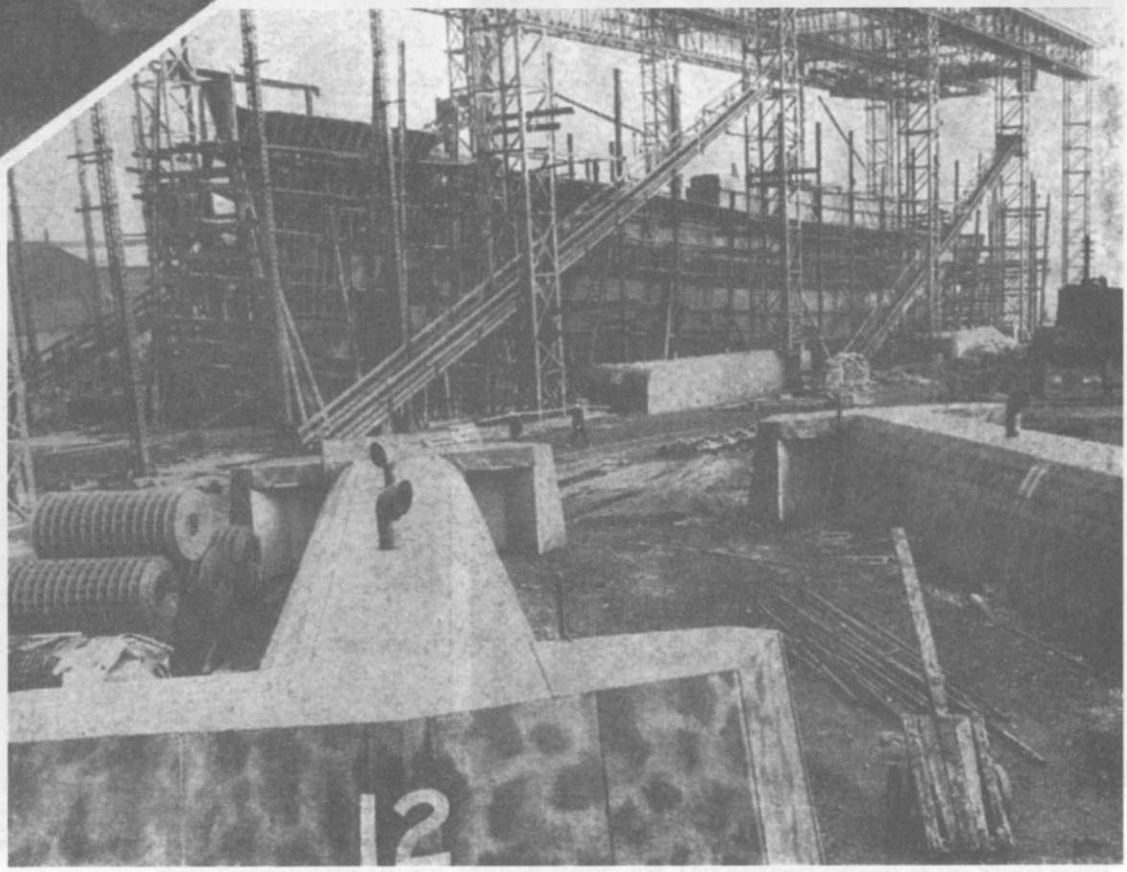
Photos, L.N.A., International Graphic Press and Fox

Britain's Shipwrights Are Outpacing the Nazis

Here a man is riveting a deck plate. Riveting was once done by hand, but now, whenever the position allows, either pneumatic hammers or hydraulic machines are used.

WHILE British shipyards are hard at work replacing the ships destroyed by Nazi submarines and mines—the losses numbered 112 up to the end of 1939—Germany has already made a most unwilling contribution to the Allied merchant fleets in the shape of some 20 of her ships captured by the Royal Navy.

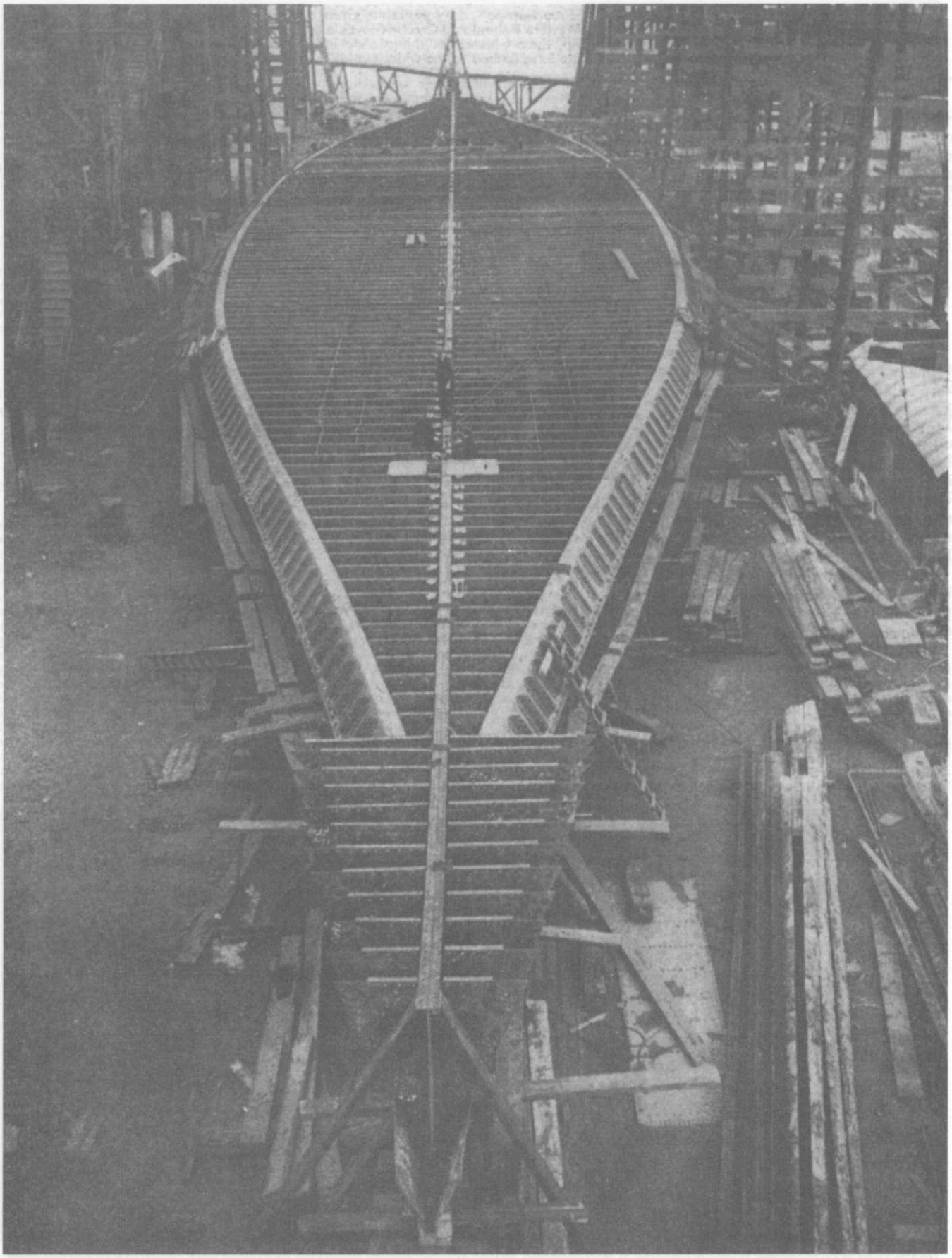
The long steel bar which the man is drawing out of the furnace in the top photograph will eventually be shaped to form one of the ribs of a new ship. Above, workmen are punching rivet holes in steel plates which form the sheathing of the big vessel.



Right is a cargo steamer on the stocks. Only on the lower part of the hull have the plates been riveted in position, but within a few weeks the ship will be launched and ready for the engines to be fitted. In the foreground are the concrete air-raid shelters for the shipwrights.

Photos, Fox

Another Stout Ship for Britain's Merchant Navy



Besides warships many merchant ships are being built at top speed in Britain's yards to replace the losses caused by Nazi submarines. Here is a merchant ship in the first stage of construction. In his speech on September 26, Mr. Winston Churchill stated that, "If we are losing tonnage we are also taking steps to replace it on a much larger scale. Old ships which were laid up are being refitted and prepared for sea. An enormous building programme of new ships of a simple character, capable of being rapidly built, is already in full career." *Photo, Fox*

Terrible Things are Happening Under the Nazis

Taken from the columns of "Free Europe," the paragraphs given below throw some light on what is happening in Western Poland and Czecho-Slovakia under German rule. Strict as is the Nazi censorship, these whispers of things shocking to endure and to contemplate have filtered to the wider world.

In spite of his assurances that he does not want any foreign peoples in the German Reich, Hitler, as the result of his policy of unprincipled aggression, now oppresses over thirty millions who are not German by race or sentiment. This total is made up as follows:

Poles	19,700,000
Czechs	7,000,000
Jews	3,600,000
Yugoslavs	150,000
Lusatians (Wends)	130,000
Lithuanians	78,000
Danes	12,000
Other nationalities	30,000

No doubt if he could have had his own way many more millions would have been incorporated in what the Fuehrer is pleased to call the German "Lebensraum." In the east, however, he has now come up against Stalin, and a line of Soviet bayonets and tanks prevents further expansion towards the much coveted Ukraine, while along the Baltic he has even been compelled to "bring home" members of the German colonies who have lived in the Baltic States for centuries.

It is in Poland that the Nazi terror is seen at its height, and the following paragraphs give an indication of a truly shocking state of affairs.

Reliable information has been received as to the circumstances in which all the professors and lecturers of the Cracow University were arrested. The Germans issued invitations to all the members of the teaching staff of the University, requesting them to attend a lecture given by a German professor. The German lecturer began by reviling Polish scholars and Polish science in most abusive language, whereupon the professors and lecturers left the hall. In front of the University large lorries were already waiting. All the 160 professors were arrested and severely manhandled. All the arrested professors, of whom many are over seventy, were at once taken to the military barracks, where they had to spend the night on the bare floors of unheated rooms. Next day they were all deported to Germany and interned in a concentration camp. Furthermore, all the professors of the Cracow Mining Academy and all the headmasters of the secondary and primary schools in Cracow were arrested. Simultaneously mass arrests were carried out among the general population of the city. A number of streets were closed, and all men found in these streets were arrested. Women who accompanied many of the men and protested were slapped in the face.

At Gdynia, 300 of the 350 hostages seized after the occupation of the town from among priests, industrialists, and intellectuals were shot in batches, in conditions of bestial cruelty. Before being shot the victims were forced to dig their own graves, after which Gestapo men dispatched them one by one with revolvers, while those who were to be murdered later were obliged to look on. All these executions were carried out without even the semblance of a trial.

Polish Executions by Day and Night

At Szamotuly, a small town in Poznania, five young Poles were executed publicly in the market-place on market day. They had been kept as hostages because in a neighbouring village the Nazi flag was torn down and the guilty could not be traced. As the German soldiers fired at them, the five Poles exclaimed: "Long live Poland!" S.S. men then walked up to the dying men and fired further revolver shots at them. Several Polish professional men, including doctors and solicitors, were then ordered to place the dead bodies in a lorry and take them to a place outside the cemetery, where they had to dig graves and bury them. At Koscian, the local priest and 48 other Poles were executed in a public square. At Wolsztyn, 20 Poles were shot at night, the scene being illuminated by military searchlights. The inhabitants of the neighbouring houses were called from their beds and forced to witness the executions.

In Pomorze Polish priests, many of them of advanced age, are forced by the Germans to perform heavy manual labour. In Torun a prelate, respected by all, was forced by the Germans to undertake the heavy work of reconstructing a bridge on the Vistula. When the old priest, overcome by fatigue, fell into the water, his fellow-workmen were about to rescue him, but the S.S. men shot him dead in the river.

Everything is being done to remove all traces of things Polish. Already Polish street names and shop signs have been replaced by German ones. The Polish language is banned in the schools. In the city of Poznan, all the large Polish business houses, firms and factories have been seized from Poles and handed over to Germans or to German institutions.

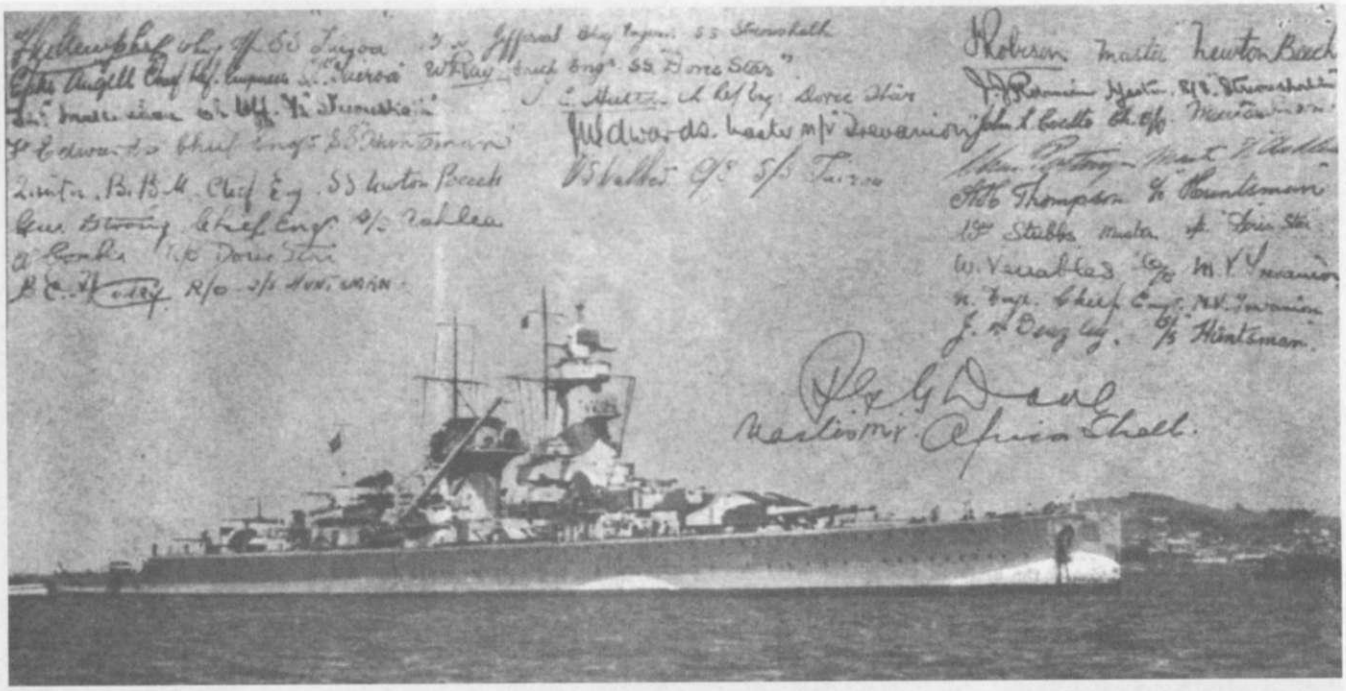
Murder in Czecho-Slovakia

In Czecho-Slovakia, too, the Nazi terror flourishes, and in earlier pages we have described some of its most hateful manifestations. The position was summed up by M. Jan Masaryk, son of the Republic's founder, in a broadcast in Czech under the auspices of the B.B.C.:

Our innocent boys are being murdered for not having forgotten quickly enough the meaning of freedom. Our glorious "Alma Mater," the famous Charles University, and all the other high seats of learning have been closed under the order of two treacherous satanic disciples, Karl Hermann Frank and Neurath. They will open their gates again, and it will not be three years before they will be opened by the free people of Prague and Czecho-Slovakia. The blood of our young martyrs, so wantonly spilt, binds all who believe in the freedom of thought to dedicate all their efforts to the most pressing task of all, to the task of destroying and damning for all times to come the gospel of a demented Austrian corporal. Over the fresh graves of our martyrs I solemnly promise that we shall continue our struggle until the final rebirth of a free Europe.

In the reign of terror which is now proceeding in Nazi-occupied Poland house-to-house visitations by detachments of German troops and their Gestapo allies are everyday occurrences. When this photograph was published in the "Munich Illustrated Press" it was given the heading, "Stopping the little game of the Polish Rebel Battalions," and it purports to show Nazi soldiery entering a house suspected of being a "store of hidden weapons and stolen goods."

'Graf Spee' Pays the Full Price of Defeat



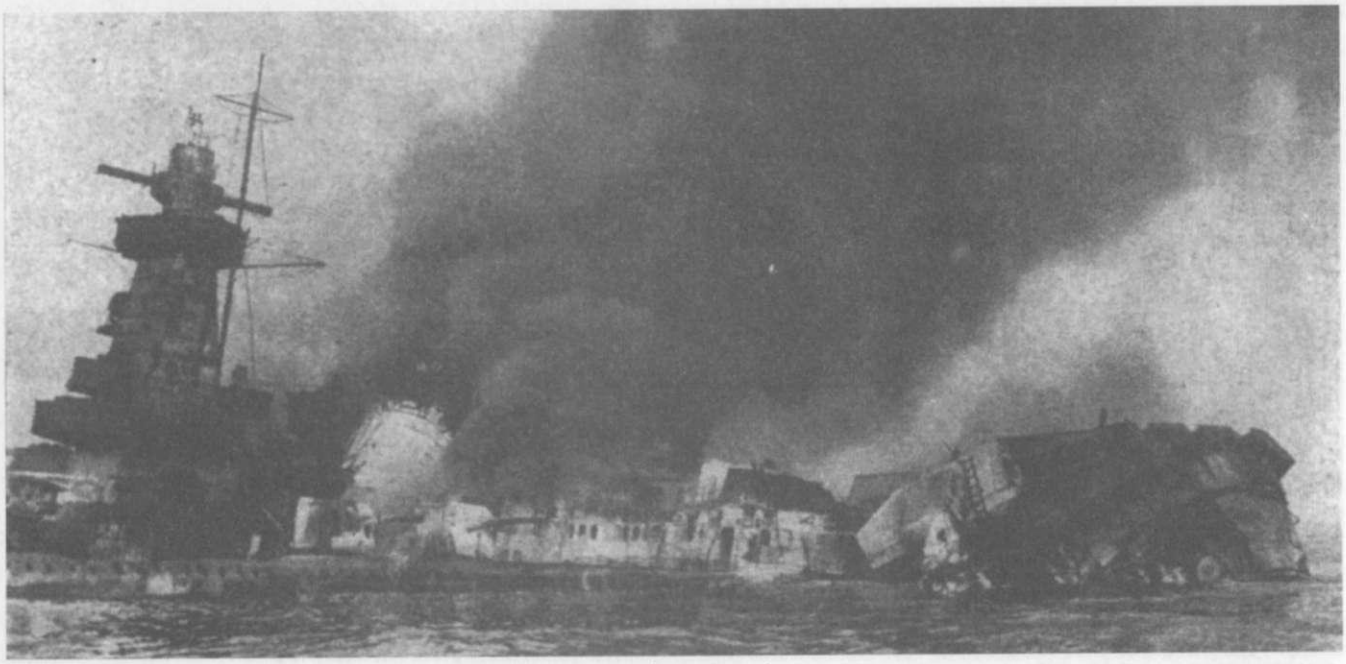
This remarkable picture of Germany's pocket battleship "Admiral Graf Spee" as she lay in the harbour of Montevideo into which she had been chased by the British cruisers was taken by Captain Henry Daniel, Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," on the morning of the day on which she sailed to her doom. The photograph bears the signatures of 23 masters and officers of British merchantmen who had been captured during the "Graf Spee's" career of depredation and were actually in the battleship during the battle of the River Plate.

ALL Montevideo's quays, piers, breakwaters, and adjacent coastline were densely crowded with people breathlessly watching the German corsair. The crowds stood silent as the great ship passed to sea. Suddenly she turned, not as they expected to seaward where the ships of Britain watched, but westward towards the setting sun. . . Her speed dropped to dead slow, then she stuck her nose into a mudbank and stopped and her anchor was dropped.

The hour was 8 p.m. and the sun was dipping below the river's western rim. Suddenly there was a flash of flame and a double explosion which shook the air, and the centre of the ship was blotted from view by a cloud of dense black smoke. The concussion had not died away before a blinding burst of flame shot from the after part of the ship high above her masthead, and a thunderous roar deafened the ears of the watching crowds. The whole ship seemed to lift and crumple as though inferno itself had burst forth from her vitals. . . .

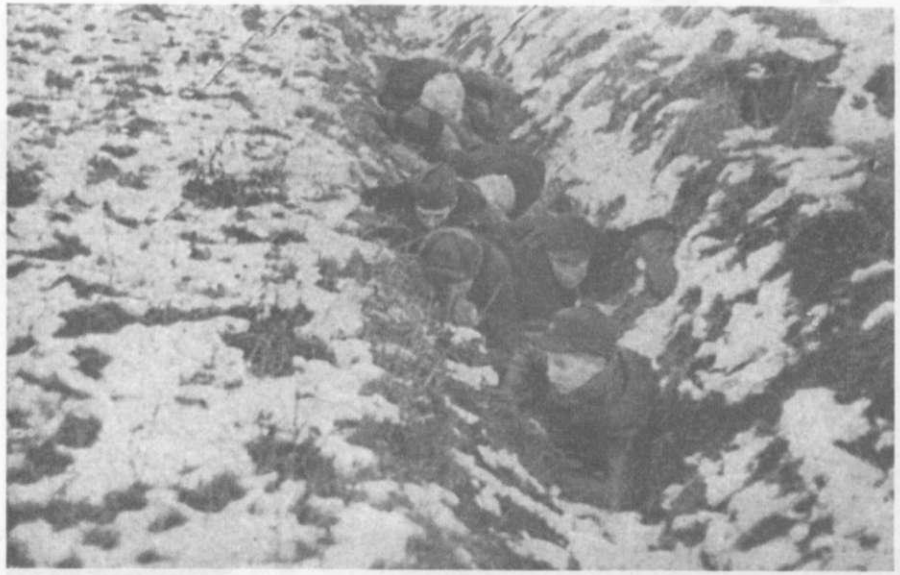
Out to seaward could be seen the flicker of a Morse lamp and the distant flash of a searchlight from a British cruiser going about her business.

From a message to the "Daily Telegraph" by a Special Correspondent in Montevideo, Captain Henry Daniel, D.S.C.



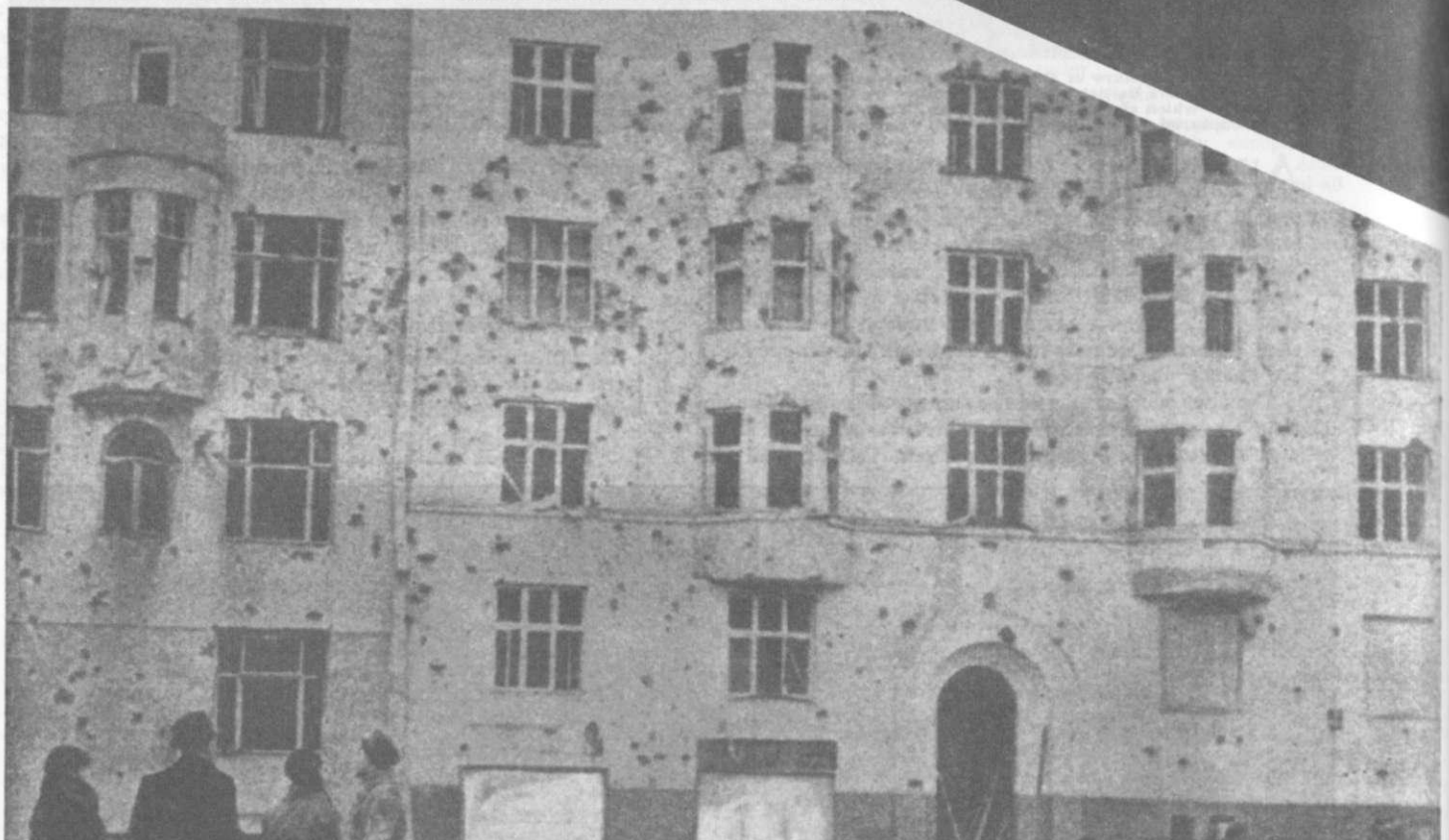
Aflame from bow to stern, the "Graf Spee" is slowly sinking into the waters of the Plate. This dramatic photograph was taken, like that above, by Captain Henry Daniel. The white funnel has collapsed in dense clouds of smoke. "Sheets of flame spread over the tranquil sea," wrote Captain Daniel, "as the oil from the bunkers of the riven ship came to the surface and caught fire. Dense clouds of smoke rose in the air, and soon the wreck was a blazing inferno from stem to stern. It was the end of the tragedy." *Photos. Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

Frozen Finland Was Scorched With the Flames of War on the Bi



In Helsinki the celebration of the birth of the Prince of Peace was interrupted by the air-raid warnings, and those people who remained in the capital after the evacuation spent hours in the shelters or, like these youths, in trenches just outside the city. *Photo, Keystone*

The murderous onslaught of the Red aircraft o
were so inflammable that a single incendiary b
Northern winter. In the photograph above a Fi
is a scene from the fighting front : Finnish Re



WORDS THAT HISTORY WILL REMEMBER

Extracted from Authoritative War Speeches and Statements Week by Week

(*Continued from page 562*)

'The Cause of All Nations Who Love Freedom'

Thursday, December 14, 1939

Mr. G. A. GRIPENBERG, Finnish Minister, at a meeting at the House of Lords:

I stand before you as a representative of a small, democratic, peace-loving country which overnight, without warning and without any declaration of war, has become the victim of the most ruthless aggression. Finland has striven unceasingly for agreement. We were willing to go very far in order to avoid what has now happened, but the Russian Government would not have it.

There was no reason for Finland to refuse to discuss any question that the Soviet Government wanted to discuss. To give some conception of what the Russian demands clearly meant, I will make a comparison. Think what it would mean to Great Britain if some neighbour about forty times bigger than this country demanded the Channel Islands, the Isle of Wight, the port of Southampton, the port of Liverpool, and part of the county of Kent, and also asked to be allowed to keep garrisons in some ports and enter into a military alliance which would make it possible for the bigger country to direct the foreign and home policies of the smaller country. . . .

We went so far as to accept two-thirds of the Russian terms, but there was one condition we had to stick to. We could not accept anything which would have jeopardized our right to live as free men and women in the land of our fathers. . . . While discussing this the Russian Government suddenly started the so-called incidents. . . .

Even after the beginning of the war, after hundreds of casualties among the civil population, our Government let it be known to Russia that we were still willing to come to terms on condition that a life of liberty and independence would be recognized. Molotov said he would not have any negotiations at all, and so we fight. The Finnish Prime Minister has said "We will hold out, but if we perish, then we believe that our fight has been an inspiration to the whole world." And so I believe it is, for ours is the cause of all nations who love freedom.

Britain's Immediate Aid to Finland

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the House of Commons:

It was generally agreed during the deliberations at Geneva in September of last year that each member of the League should decide for itself, in the light of its own position and conscience, on the nature of the sanctions which it would apply under Article XVI of the Covenant against an aggressor State. His Majesty's Government for their part have always held the view that no member State ought to remain indifferent to a clear case of aggression of the sort with which we are now faced. At the outset of the attack on Finland, and before the question had been raised at Geneva, they decided to permit the release and immediate delivery to Finland by the manufacturers concerned of a number of fighter aircraft of which the Finnish Government stood in urgent need, and they intended similarly to release other material which will be of assistance to the Finnish Government. . . .

The opportunity provided by this conflict has been eagerly seized upon by the German propaganda machine, and by many people acting consciously or unconsciously in its service, to deflect attention from the primary objective of the Allied war effort, which is the defeat of Nazi Germany. We must never lose sight of that objective. We must never forget that it was German aggression which paved the way for the Soviet attack on Poland and Finland, and that Germany, alone among the nations, is even now abetting by word and deed the Russian aggressor. We must all give what help and support we can spare to the latest victim of these destructive forces; but meanwhile it is only by concentrating on our task of resistance to German aggression, and thus attacking the evil at its root, that we can hope to save the nations of Europe from the fate which must otherwise overtake them.

Italy's Foreign Minister on Neutrality

Saturday, December 16

COUNT CIANO, Italian Foreign Minister, in a speech to the Chamber of Fascios and Corporations:

. . . The singular importance of the decision taken by the Governments of Moscow and Berlin to sign a mutual pact of non-aggression was emphasized by the sense of surprise which the communication aroused throughout the world.

For many months France and Britain attempted a policy of close collaboration with Russia which should have led to a much-heralded pact, and which, according to press reports, might even have reached the point of military collaboration. True, the slowness with which the negotiations went on and the existence of certain problems with regard to which a fundamental divergence of views between Russia and the western democracies had arisen had induced scepticism as to the possibility of arriving at a speedy and favourable conclusion.

Few people, however, were expecting an epilogue such as the one experienced with the conclusion of the German-Russian Pact. The truth is that Russia was going through a bitter crisis due to the pitiless purge of Lenin's Old Guard conducted in three memorable trials, following which dozens of death sentences against leaders of the Revolution, Army field-marshals, admirals and ambassadors had been carried out. The country was now being readmitted into the prestige of international politics by the great democracies, whose envoys had for five months been filling the waiting-rooms of that inaccessible fortress known as the Kremlin. If the great democracies had only ignored Russia, Germany would have had good reason to want to do likewise.

The question had been broached with the German Government as far back as April and May. At that time we had agreed to proceed to a policy of détente with regard to Russia. Our object was to obtain the neutralization of Russia and to keep her from entering the system of encirclement planned by the great democracies—an action therefore of limited scope. In any case it appeared to us impossible to reach any more distant goal in view of the fundamentally hostile attitude which Nazi Germany had always assumed with regard to Russia. . . .

Once hostilities had begun and the Franco-British decision to assist Poland had been made known, the Fascist Government in its communiqué issued on September 1, following a meeting of the Cabinet, stated that Italy would not take any initiative of a military character. This decision was previously known to the German Government and to the German Government alone. It defined the Italian attitude with regard to which there existed a full accordance of views with the German Government.

The position assumed by Italy on September 1 was a position of non-belligerence, strictly in conformity with the German intention of localizing the conflict and strictly ensuing from the pact and collateral undertakings existing between Italy and Germany. These and no other are the reasons for Italy's statement that she would not assume any initiative of a military character. . . .

It is universally recognized that the realistic attitude of Italy has prevented a generalization of the conflict, which is in the interest of our country and of all States. I wish to make it clear that no initiative has been taken by the Fascist Government so far, nor is it our intention, as things stand, to take any.

I would add that Italy reaffirms her desire to maintain and consolidate order and peace in the Danube and Baltic region. At the same time she does not believe that the formation of any kind of bloc can be of use to the countries which would take part in it, nor would such a bloc serve the higher purpose of hastening the re-establishment of peace. . . .

Fascist Italy continues to follow with a vigilant spirit the development of events, ever ready, if it be possible, once again to make her contribution towards world peace, but equally determined to protect with inflexible firmness her interests and her traffic on land, at sea and in the air, as well as her prestige and her future as a Great Power.

The Empire is Still One People

Wednesday, December 20

Mr. R. G. MENZIES, Prime Minister of Australia, in a broadcast:

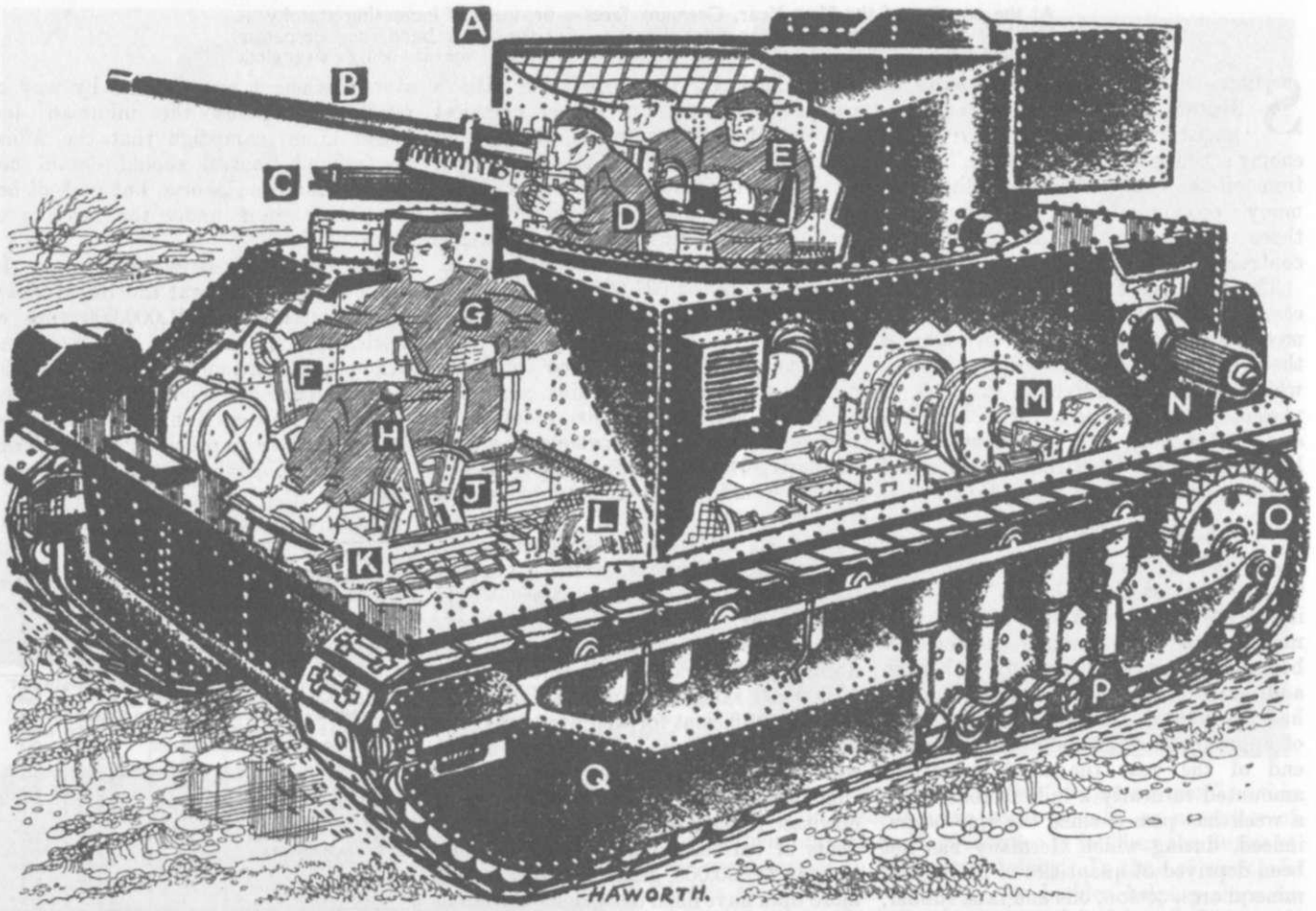
. . . Some of the ingenious gentlemen who broadcast from Berlin are feverishly engaged from day to day trying to explain to you that a country like Australia is really not involved in this war, that Australia will simply sell foodstuffs to Great Britain and hope to make some profit, but that otherwise she will take care to risk no soldiers or ships or airmen or seamen in the conflict.

This silly falsehood has done service before. It overlooks the record of Australia in the last war; it overlooks the contribution of Australia made in blood as well as in treasure towards the winning of that war. It ignores the fighting Australian spirit. It seeks to reduce a race of free and vigorous and courageous men and women to the level of mere bargainers.

I say this to you without mental reservation and without ambiguity. If Australia were to do what the German propaganda says she proposes to do, she would be no more than a benevolent neutral. But because, in truth, she is not only furnishing Great Britain with material supplies, but is in course of providing for active service thousands of airmen and soldiers and thousands of sailors, I am able to say we are not benevolent neutrals. We are belligerent partners. We are in this war to win. We did not enter it lightly and we will not depart from it except as victors.

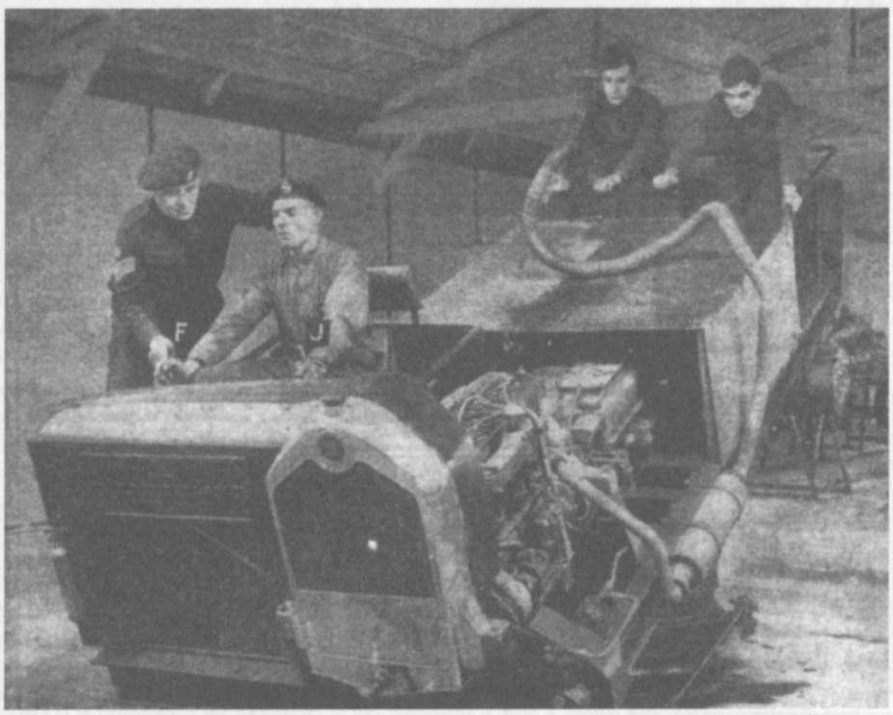
Germany need encourage herself with no false hopes. She will discover to her cost that the winning of this war and the success of our noble cause are just as much the business of Australians as of Englishmen, of New Zealanders as of Scotsmen, of Canadians as of Irishmen. Scattered though we may be over the seven seas of the world, living in different countries, governing our own affairs, conducting our own international discussions, and handling our own trade, we are still one people. What touches one, touches all; what is vital to one is the supreme business of all.

Land-Ships of Which Britain May Rightly Be Proud



This is a sectional view of a cruiser tank. The vehicle is driven by a high horse-power engine K, through a clutch L and gearbox to a rear axle M. This axle drives two outside sprocket wheels O, which in turn drive the caterpillars. The shock-absorbing mechanism P, enables the tank to move at high speeds over very rough ground. This mechanism is shielded by armour at Q. Direction is controlled by two levers F and J (see also photo below) which act as a brake on the caterpillar on the inside of the turn, while gear is changed by the lever H. The driver G looks forward through two small louvres. The gun-turret A revolves mechanically and the three-pounder gun B is laid by gunner D and loaded by E. There are two half-inch Vickers guns at C and N; a third is on the other side of the tank corresponding with N.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*



Above, militiamen are undergoing an intensive course of instruction at an Army advanced school for tank training. They become thoroughly efficient tank drivers in about 24 weeks. The pupil has his hands on the two direction control levers F and J.

THE mechanization of the British Army has led to the establishment of the Royal Armoured Corps, in which are included the Royal Tank Regiment and all the Cavalry and Yeomanry regiments that have been mechanized. The tanks of the Cavalry and Yeomanry are of the lighter type, successors of the "whippet tanks" of the last war. These machines are manned by three men, and are not only faster but much easier to handle than those that went into action in 1918. The heavier tanks, sometimes known as "cruisers," are used in conjunction with infantry, preceding an advance not only to machine-gun the enemy but to clear a way through barbed wire entanglements and other obstacles. The future crews for tanks of all types are trained at a special school, a scene in which is shown in this page. The course of instruction the men undergo includes driving, for every man of the crew must be able to drive, and also a thorough technical knowledge of the working of the very complicated piece of mechanism of which they are to have charge.

Striking the Balance of the Blockade

At the opening of the New Year, Germany faces a prospect of increasing scarcity as the Allied blockade becomes ever more effective. On the other hand, her desperate counter-measures are all unavailing. Slowly but surely she is being strangled.

SINCE the war began the navies of Britain and France have been engaged in relentlessly driving the enemy's ships and mercantile marine from off the seas and in strangling Germany's economic life by the stoppage of those supplies which are constituted contraband of war.

The campaign has been strikingly successful. Most of the units of the German navy have hardly gone out of sight of their harbours since hostilities began; while as for her merchant shipping, it plies only in the Baltic and the Black Sea, and for the most part is laid up idle in harbour, or has been scuttled to avoid capture, or has actually been taken.

Seizures of Contraband

Just before Christmas it was announced that the British Contraband Control had intercepted and detained over half a million tons of contraband suspected of being destined for Germany, while in addition the French Contraband Control had detained in the same period a total of approximately 360,000 tons. By the end of the year the total detentions amounted to nearly a million tons. Not a week has passed since the war began, indeed, during which Germany has not been deprived of quantities of petroleum, mineral ores, cotton, oils and fats, rubber, fibres, hides and skins, and foodstuffs.

Thus, to take an actual instance, during the week ending December 30, 1939, the British Contraband Control intercepted 20,800 tons of contraband goods suspected of being destined for Germany. This total included:

17,500 tons of petroleum and allied products
1,450 tons of ores and metals
600 tons of miscellaneous foodstuffs
400 tons of oilseeds
160 tons of cotton
160 tons of gums and resins

In addition to these goods the seizures comprised quantities of rubber, chemical products, tanning materials, timber and hides and skins. When the year closed the British Contraband Control could look back upon seventeen weeks of most successful activity, in the course of which they had prevented Germany from receiving a total of 537,600 tons of goods that could be used in the prosecution of the war.

Translating the joint Allied total into picturesque terms, 600 trains consisting of 30,000 trucks would be required to transport the amount of petroleum seized. Similarly, 640 trains consisting of 32,000 trucks would be needed to carry the various metals detained. To transport by rail all the contraband seized would require 116,500 trucks, which if coupled together into a continuous train would occupy 600 miles of railway track. Taking the British seizures alone, the fibres seized would be sufficient to make 46,000,000 sandbags, and the hides and skins are sufficient for well over 5,000,000 pairs of army boots. The cotton seized would have been sufficient to manufacture enough gun-cotton for 12,000,000 6-in. howitzer rounds, and the petroleum products of various kinds detained amount to over 23,000,000 gallons, which would more than have filled to capacity the tanks of every motor vehicle on the roads in Britain in the last month of 1939.

Germany's Real Losses

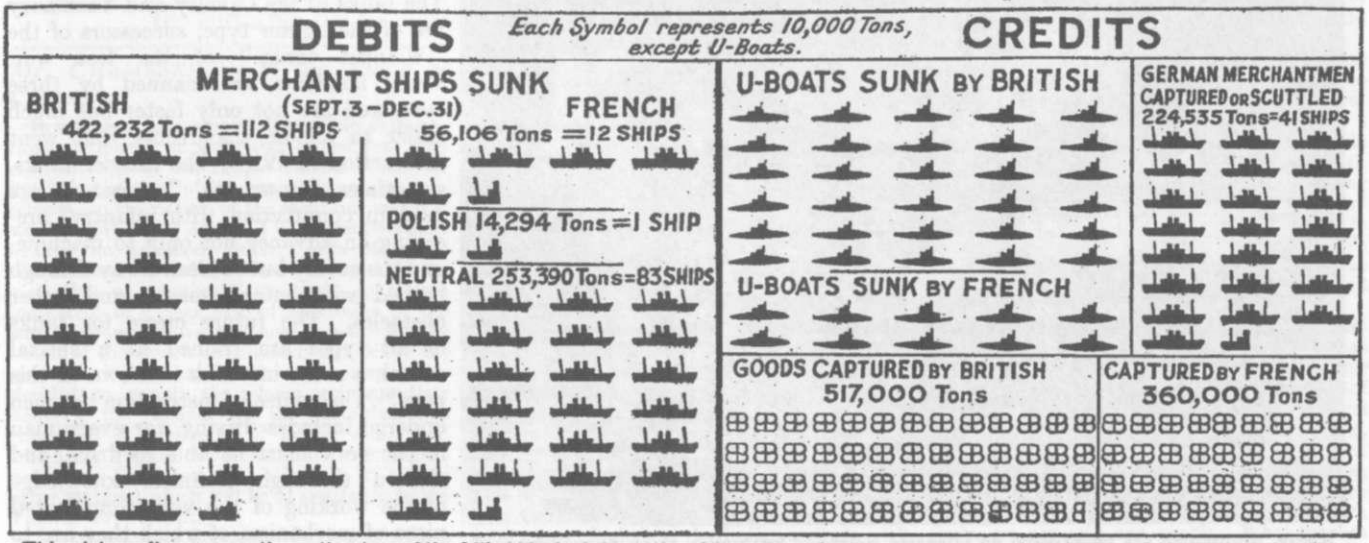
Moreover, it should be remembered that these figures are of contraband actually seized; they give no indication of the enormous quantities of goods which would have been dispatched to Germany from the neutral States in normal times. Yet another great blow was dealt to Germany's commercial and industrial system when it was decided by way of retaliation against the inhuman and illegal mines campaign that the Allied Contraband Control should detain not only Germany's imports, but such of her exports as came under the heading of contraband.

Very different is Britain's position. In the four months of war the Royal Navy has enabled nearly 21,000,000 tons of British shipping to keep the seas, and although the rationing of several of the most important foodstuffs has been instituted, this step has been dictated not by scarcity so much as by the desire to conserve cargo space and foreign credits.

SHIPPING LOST: SEPT.—DEC. 1939

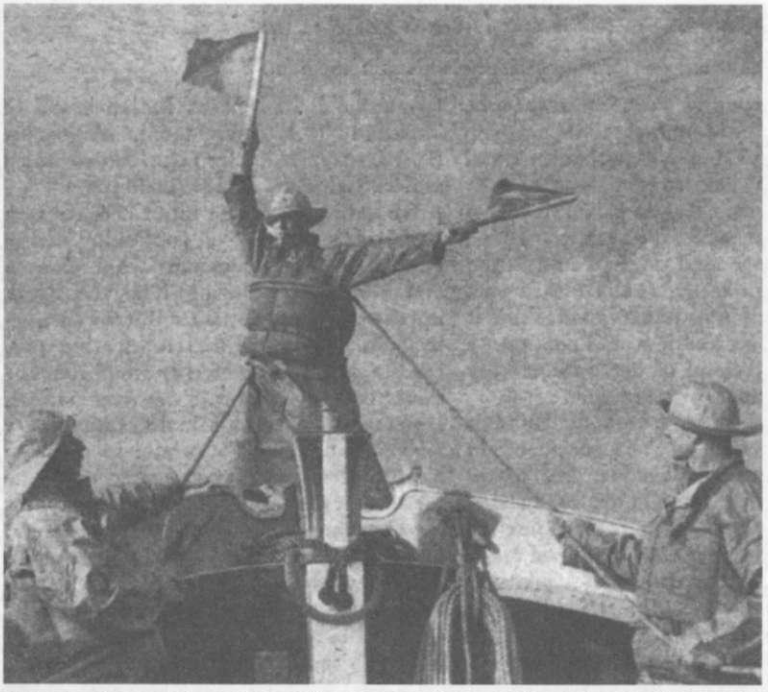
	Vessels	Tons	% Loss of Tonnage
GERMAN			
Lost	22	136,317	
Captured ...	19	88,218	
Total ...	41	224,535	5·0
BRITISH	112	422,232	2·0
FRENCH	12	56,106	1·9
POLISH	1	14,294	11·7
BELGIAN ...	3	9,350	2·4
DANISH	9	22,333	1·8
DUTCH	7	39,243	1·3
ESTONIAN ...	1	396	0·2
FINNISH	5	11,919	1·9
GREEK	9	42,686	2·4
ITALIAN	2	9,339	0·3
JAPANESE ...	1	11,930	0·2
LITHUANIAN	1	1,566	—
NORWEGIAN ...	23	61,903	1·3
PANAMANIAN	1	757	0·1
RUSSIAN	1	968	0·1
SWEDISH	19	34,629	2·2
JUGOSLAV ...	1	6,371	1·5
Totals ...	249	970,557	1·4

Of course, there have been losses, as will be seen from the table printed above reprinted from Lloyds' List. Yet, notwithstanding the activities of U-boats and aircraft in torpedoing ships without warning, notwithstanding the mines laid indiscriminately in traffic channels, in relation to total tonnage the British losses have amounted to only 2-per cent., while the German losses in the same period were 5 per cent.

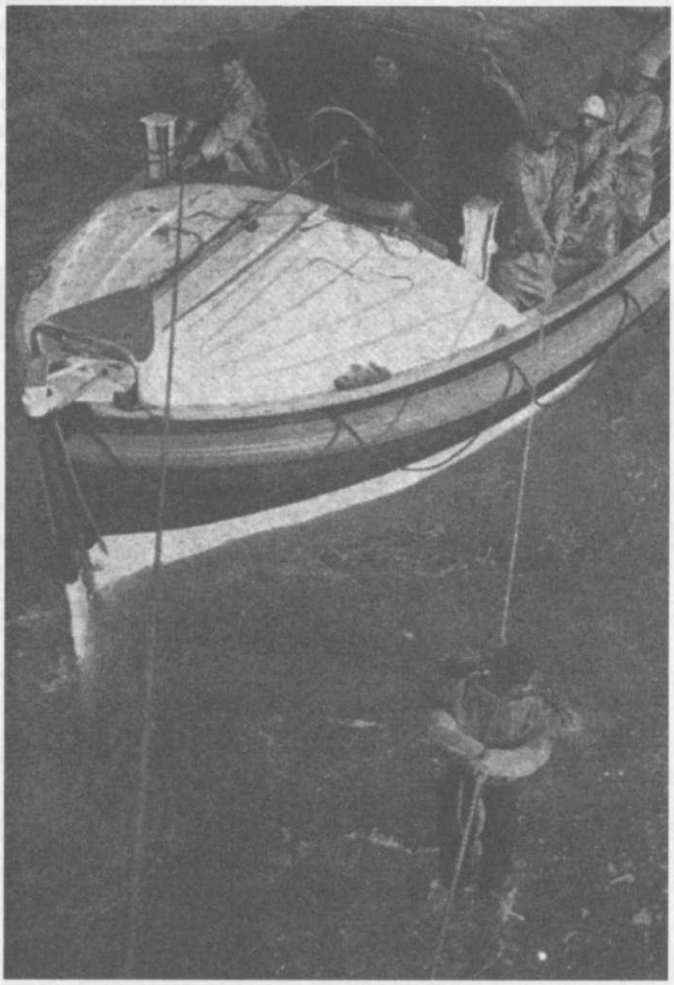


This picture diagram continues the story of the Allied blockade from Nov. 30 (p. 471). Covering the last week of 1939 it includes all ships officially then stated as lost and, in addition to enemy goods captured by the British Contraband Control those by the French Control. Figures for the week ending Dec. 30, received while printing, were British, 20,800 tons (total 537,600 tons); French, 69,000 tons (total 429,000 tons).

Lifeboatmen Rise to the New Challenge of War



The signalman of the Southend lifeboat, seen above, is flagging a signal to a ship that the rocket apparatus will be used for the rescue. When the lifeboat is tossed by heavy seas he is steadied by a rope tied round his waist and held by two men. Right is Coxswain S. H. Page, of the Southend lifeboat, who in 1938 twice won the bronze medal of the R.N.L.I. for gallantry



THE lifeboatmen are too often the "forgotten men" of this war. In peacetime we tend to take as a matter of course their bravery and self-sacrifice in fulfilling the duties of the great service to which they belong. In time of war their duties are even more arduous, for besides helping ships in difficulties through stress of weather, they are called upon to succour the crews of those vessels that have struck mines or been torpedoed by enemy submarines. Since the war began lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have been launched over 400 times and have saved over 1,000 lives. In the last war the average number of lives saved every week was 21; in the present war, up to the end of 1939, it was no less than 64.

When it is impossible for a lifeboat to go alongside a ship a rocket apparatus similar to that used from the shore, but on a smaller scale, is used by the lifeboat. In the two photographs above the apparatus is in use. Right, the rocket that will carry the first thin line to the ship is being fired. It enables the crew of the ship in distress to pull aboard the stouter rope, left, from which is suspended the breeches buoy, in which a man is being hauled on board the lifeboat. *Photos, Topical*

Without Oil the Wheels of War Must Stop

As long ago as 1904 Lord Fisher declared that the countries which control oil supplies will control the world. Today, during a war of petrol- and oil-driven machines, the advantage possessed by the Allies, who have not only huge oil resources of their own but may draw on the resources of the whole world, must become ever more apparent.

If it be true to say that civilization could not continue without oil, it is still more true to say that without oil, war as it is waged in the twentieth century would be quite impossible. Aeroplanes, tanks, armoured cars, mechanical transport, ships of war—all are dependent on the oils extracted from the bowels of the earth. In 1938 the world production of crude petroleum was over 270,000,000 metric tons.

Nature has greatly favoured the democratic powers in the distribution of petroleum. By far the greatest producer is the United States, which is responsible for some 60 per cent of the world's present supplies. In 1938 Germany and Austria produced only 615,000 tons, Italy 140,000 tons (127,000 from Albania), Poland (507,000) and Japan 356,000. Compare with these figures the production of the U.S.A. of over 164,000,000 tons, and even of Canada, which in 1938 produced 940,000 tons.

Next largest producer to the U.S.A. is the U.S.S.R. In 1913 Russia's extraction of petroleum was over 9,000,000 tons; from 1920 to 1925 it oscillated between 3,000,000 and 8,000,000 tons, and since then has shown a steady increase, mounting in 1938 to about 29,000,000 tons. At present the Russian refineries are capable of dealing with the output, but many of them are out of date. Moreover, the industry produces only sufficient to satisfy the country's own requirements, as is shown by the fact that between 1932 and 1938 Russian exports of mineral oils fell from just over 6,000,000 tons to 600,000 tons. Russia might increase her petroleum exports by intensifying her production, and this would seem feasible enough seeing that she has vast deposits of oils still unexploited. But it would take time, and it would necessitate a thorough overhaul of her present very defective transport organization.

Only a very little short of Russia's production is that of Venezuela, which in 1938 produced just under 28,000,000 tons; as recently as 1935 her production was under 3,000,000 tons. There are indications that oil might be tapped right along the Andes to the south of Argentina.

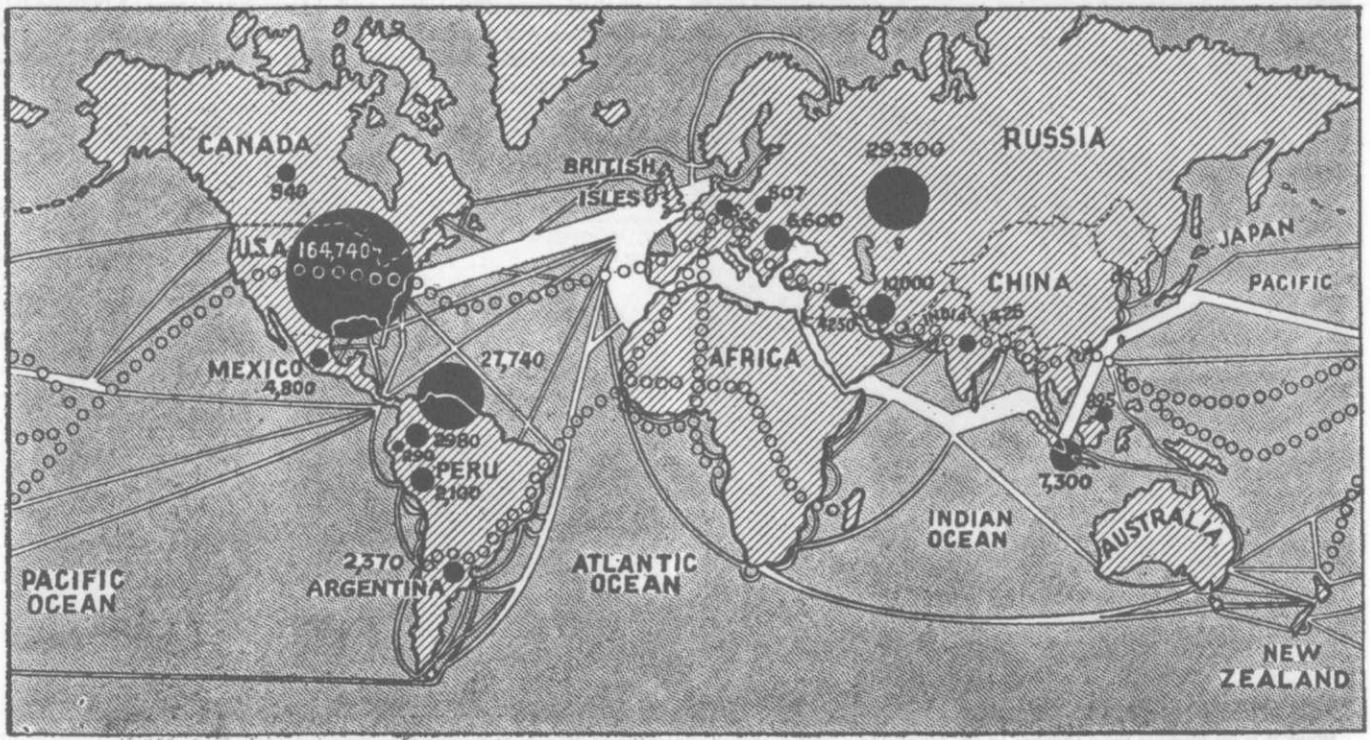
Britain's Huge Oil Base in Iran

Next on the list is Iran, where in 1938 the production of crude petroleum was over 10,000,000 tons. Its exploitation is in the hands of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which possesses at Abadan one of the three largest oil refineries in the world. Its storage capacity is nearly a million tons. Abadan is the refuelling centre of the British Navy in the East.

Of the other producer-countries the most important are the Netherlands Indies, which produced over 7,000,000 tons in 1938; Rumania (6,600,000 tons), Mexico (4,800,000 tons), Irak (4,250,000 tons), the British West Indian island of Trinidad (2,470,000 tons), Argentina (2,370,000 tons), Peru (2,100,000 tons) and British Burma (1,060,000 tons).

At the present time interest centres on Germany's hopes of obtaining large quantities of petroleum from Russia and Rumania. During 1938 the Reich imported nearly 5,000,000 tons of petroleum, motor fuel and lubricating oils, but in time of war her requirements must be far greater. As just stated, Rumania's production in 1938 was under 7,000,000 tons, and it would seem to be hardly likely that Russia could set aside for export 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons of petroleum annually. Even if she could produce it, how could it be delivered to Germany, seeing that all the existing Soviet pipe-lines have their outlets either on the Black Sea or the Caspian? Rail would be the only means available.

It is true that Germany has made immense efforts to assure her self-sufficiency in the matter of petroleum supplies by seeking oil beneath her soil and by the synthetic preparation of motor fuels. With regard to the former, soundings have so far been unsatisfactory, and it seems that the maximum production cannot exceed 700,000 tons even if Austria be included. As to synthetic fuels, the Reich does not seem capable of producing more than 3,000,000 tons annually of petrol and gas oil.



In this sketch map are indicated the principal oil-producing centres of the world and the routes by which petroleum is conveyed to the principal areas of consumption. The black disks give some indication by their comparative sizes of the petroleum deposits. The broad and narrow white lines mark the main commercial traffic routes. The chains of circles mark the main lines of distribution of petroleum products by oil tankers, pipe lines, rail and other methods.

In Uniform and Overalls British Women Serve

These "ratings" of the Women's Royal Naval Service are attending a course before taking commissions. Right, two volunteers of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, known as "Fanys," are cleaning their ambulance.

Australian women in London have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into work that may help the Empire in wartime. Left, workers of the Australian Women's Voluntary Service are at work in Australia House under the leadership of Lady McCann, left, wife of Sir Charles McCann, Agent-General for South Australia. The headquarters of the organization were recently visited by the Queen.

Photos, Wide World, Planet News, Fox and Kosmos

In the factory and warehouse of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes in South London, food and many other things to stock the canteens are prepared and stored; above left, girls are making meat pies. Right is Miss Mona Friedlander, one of the eight women pilots who were appointed to a special section of the wartime organization known as Air Transport Auxiliary, whose duties are to assist in flying light trainer aircraft from the factories to R.A.F. aerodromes.

Germany's 'Gates' Are Closing One by One

As the blockade of the Allies is intensified, the economic position of the Nazi Reich must become ever more precarious. Just how difficult is the position may be gathered from this article and the accompanying map on which it is based.

In 1917, when Britain began to apply the weapon of the blockade in real earnest, Imperial Germany was at the height of her power on the continent of Europe. The Kaiser's writ ran from Lille to Constantinople and beyond to the borders of Persia, and under his control were not only Germany and her Austro-Hungarian ally, but Belgium and north-eastern France, Russian Poland, Rumania, Serbia, Bulgaria and Turkey.

At that time five "gates" were open through which supplies could reach the Central Powers, viz., the Baltic, Holland, Switzerland, Turkey and Russia. Yet in spite of this vast concentration of political and economic power, within a year Imperial Germany crashed into ruin—very largely as a result of the strangle-hold applied by the Allies' blockade.

In 1940 Germany is again beleaguered, but this time the territory under her control is far smaller, both in size and resources. It is true that there are seven main "gates," but several of these, as will be seen, are little more than ajar, and all are being slowly but surely closed. Let us look at them in turn.

First there is the northern "gate" opening from the Scandinavian countries. Germany is dependent on Swedish iron-ore for the maintenance of the war; from Sweden, Norway and Finland she gets timber, and from Denmark large supplies of foodstuffs. Since war began she has put strong pressure on these countries to cease their exports to Britain and to send all their surplus produce to the Reich. Naturally enough, the Scandinavian countries are not eager to abandon that profitable trade with this country which has been built up through the centuries, more particularly as they obtain from Britain manufactured goods which they cannot obtain elsewhere. Despite the activities of the German submarines and mine-laying 'planes, the Scandinavian ships still cross the North Sea, and probably nothing short of a German invasion of Scandinavia is likely to prevent their voyaging.

The Russian war with Finland has also closed the Scandinavian "gate" a little more, as it has put an end to Finnish timber exports, and has rendered precarious the supplies of iron-ore coming from the mines at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Another repercussion of the Russo-Finnish war is the retention within the Scandinavian States of supplies which in normal times they would export.

The next "gate" is Holland, and this, too, is closing as the Allied blockade prevents the entrance of goods which have been declared to be contraband. True, Holland may supply Germany with home-produced food, but at the best of times the little country has no large export surplus of the goods which Germany most vitally needs.

Not far away is the Belgian "gate" through which Germany receives considerable quantities of iron, but these supplies are now being reduced owing to the Belgians' own armament.

Leaping over the length of the Maginot Line we come next to the "gate" through which Swiss condensed milk, cheese, and meat pour into the Nazi realm. But Switzerland is a very small country, and what she produces cannot be relied upon to stock the German breakfast-tables.

Italy's "gate" through the Alpine passes is a very important one, for Italy is still a member of the Axis. As the war goes on and the blockade by sea is intensified, this gate will become ever more crowded, for it gives on the rich plains of northern Italy, and not far away lie all those Italian ports to which come cargo ships from every corner of the world. Yet the Allied contraband control is active in the Mediterranean as well as in the North Sea, and so this "gate," too, is showing signs of closing.

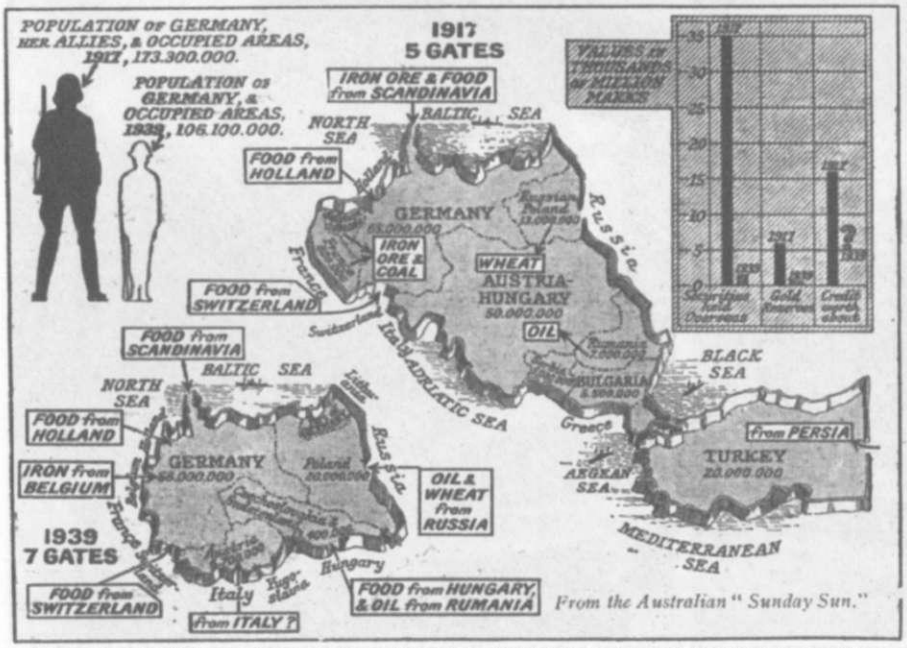
All-important Balkan 'Gate'

The sixth "gate" is in Hungary, and through it move the lorries of wheat from the plains of Hungary and Transylvania and barges and railway-tanks filled with Rumanian oil. For years Hitler and his Nazis have turned longing eyes on these lands, flowing with the modern equivalents of milk and honey, and since the war began Rumania in particular has been subjected to a policy of threats and cajoleries all intended to secure from her ever larger supplies of food to fill German bellies, and oil to fill the tanks of Germany's 'planes.

In the past Germany has received through this "gate" vast supplies from the Balkan countries, but she has now little manufactured goods and machinery wherewith to make payment. Now, moreover, her buyers have to meet the competition in the Balkan market-places and exchanges of the commercial representatives of the Allies, and it really is not surprising that the Balkan producer should prefer to take the Allies' cash and let Germany's credit go.

Now we come to the last of the "gates," that which connects the Nazi portion of conquered Poland with the portion which is now subject to Soviet rule. One would think that through this "gate" would move vast convoys of raw materials and food supplies produced on the boundless plains of European and Asiatic Russia. But convoys cannot move without wheels—the day of the horse is really past—the Russian transport system is elementary, to say the least, and the lines in Poland have been blasted by the devastation of war. Now by a miscalculation of the Kremlin the Soviet is engaged in a first-class war with Finland, and we may be sure that much of the supplies that were originally earmarked for a pressing Germany are now being diverted to the use of the Red Army in the frozen north.

Seven "gates," but how long will all or any of them remain open?



Above are illustrated in diagram form the "gates" of Germany in the last war and in this; explanatory details of the seven "gates" now open are given in the accompanying text. Population and financial resources are also represented for the two periods under review

War Honours Won by Sea and Air in 1939

River Plate ("Graf Spee") Action

Rear-Adm. Sir H. Harwood, in command of the squadron (Dec. 13). *Awarded K.C.B.*

Capt. W. E. Parry, of H.M.S. "Achilles." *Awarded C.B.*

Capt. C. H. Woodhouse, of H.M.S. "Ajax." *Awarded C.B.*

Lt.-Cmdr. (now Cmdr.) R. B. Jennings, of H.M.S. "Exeter" *Promoted.*

Cmdr. (now Capt.) D. H. Everett, of H.M.S. "Ajax." *Promoted.*

For Submarine and Other Actions

Cmdr. E. O. Bickford, of H.M. Submarine "Salmon" (Dec. 14). *Awarded D.S.O.*

Lt. M. F. Wykeham-Martin, of H.M.S. "Salmon." *Given D.S.C.*

Cmdr. G. C. Phillips, of H.M. Submarine "Ursula" (Dec. 14). *Awarded D.S.O.*

Cmdr. R. F. Jolly, of H.M.S. "Mohawk" (Oct. 16). *Posthumous E.G.M.*

Sgt. Obs. J. Vickers, W. Front air action. *Awarded Médaille Militaire on deathbed.*

Pioneers in Magnetic Mine Destruction

A.B. A. L. Vearncombe. *Given D.S.M.*

C.P.O. C. E. Baldwin. *D.S.M.*

Lt. J. E. M. Glenny. *D.S.C.*

Lt. Cmdr. R. C. Lewis. *Awarded D.S.O.*

Lt. Cmdr. J. G. D. Ouvry. *Awarded D.S.O.*

For Air Actions at Sea

A/Sqn. Ldr. K. C. Doran, led Kiel raid (Sept. 4). *D.F.C.*

Sgt. Pilot W. E. Willits, North Sea action. *D.F.M.*

F/O A. Macpherson, Kiel reconnaissance. *D.F.C.*

F/O T. M. W. Smith, "Kensington Court" rescue (Sept. 18). *D.F.C.*

F/O J. Barrett, "Kensington Court" rescue. *D.F.C.*

For Fighter Actions

Wg. Cmdr. P. R. Barwell. *D.F.C.*

Sqn. Ldr. P. Gifford. *D.F.C.*

Sqn. Ldr. H. Broadhurst *D.F.C.*

Sqn. Ldr. G. C. Pinkerton. *D.F.C.*

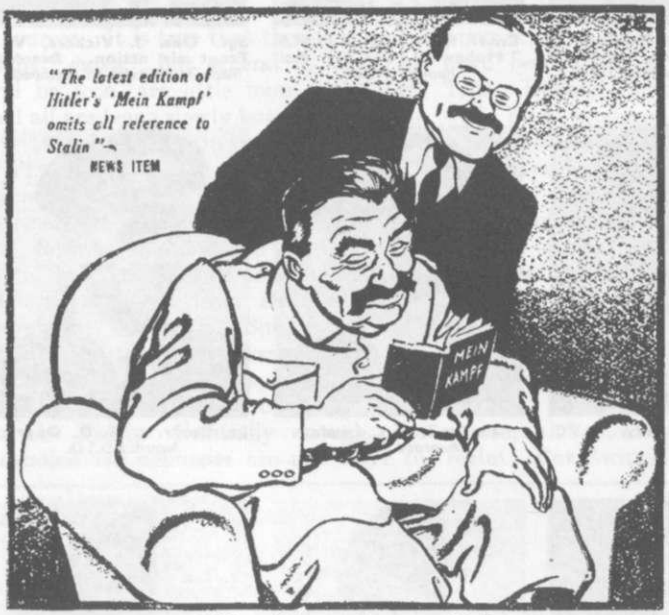
F/O. R. C. Graveley, gallantry when shot down. *E.G.M.*

The 'Bloodstained Criminals' Court Each Other

For years no term of abuse was too foul for Hitler to apply to the "Bolshevik scum," and Stalin for his part returned the vilification in good measure. Then came the Berlin-Moscow pact, consummated for the reasons suggested in this article by a German Anti-Nazi resident in this country.

When Hitler, ever since he wrote "Mein Kampf," spoke of his Moscow counterparts as being "bloodstained criminals," and "scum of humanity"—when he asserted that an agreement between Russia and Germany would mean the end of his own country, he was insincere as always. He may have despised the Bolsheviks, he may have hated them, but in his profound cynicism he wanted to use them for his own ambitions. That much is clear now, after we have heard from his former confidants, such as Dr. Hermann Rauschning, what he told them within four walls.

It was the same with Stalin. Whatever importance one may attach to the disclosures of W. G. Krivitsky, the former Red General and Intelligence Officer, they fit in marvellously with the picture of the two deadly enemies, afraid of each other, and willing to set aside all their high-sounding principles in order to neutralize each other's power, if possible to win each other's help. It is the story of American gang and racket leaders all over again, who decide to bury the hatchet for the time being in order to rob with united forces the "fat and lazy bourgeois" who bow before their guns.



"It's a thinner story now!"
Cartoon by Zec, by Courtesy of the "Daily Mirror"

After all, it is not so astonishing. For had not Germany and Russia co-operated for long years in circumventing the former's Treaty obligations? The Western Democracies, while officially insisting that the weak German Republic should conform with every letter of the Versailles peace document, permitted this clandestine evasion in the teeth of evidence. While official Germany disarmed according to orders, she had since 1922 established armament works in Soviet Russia, evolved new models of guns, tanks and aeroplanes in Russian engineering centres, experimented with them on Russian training fields, and imported shells, arms and other finished products from there. Officers of the Reichswehr went to and fro mostly with double passports; pilots, who later on were to form the nucleus of the Nazi Air Force, were trained in Moscow.

Was a Russian Alliance Inevitable?

True, all that came to a sudden end when Hitler's rise to power forced him to give the flood of spite and hate, which had borne him upwards, some definite outlets. The Jews were not enough; for France and Britain he was not ready. Thus it had to be Soviet Russia, who, he knew, could bear a fair amount of mud-slinging. Yet, as far back as 1934, if we can believe Rauschning, Hitler complained to him about the premature initiative of his East Prussian provincial leader Koch, who tried to persuade him into an alliance with Russia against Poland. "Perhaps I shall not be able," so he said, "to avoid an alliance with Russia. I shall keep that as a trump card. Perhaps it will be the decisive gamble of my life." And a little later: "I could at any time come to an agreement with Soviet Russia. I could partition Poland when and how I pleased. But I don't want to. I need Poland so long as I am still menaced by the West."

Is that clear enough? And at the same time Stalin, in a speech before his Party Congress on January 26, 1934, carefully offered his hand to Hitler, deciding to enter the game of Geneva only after this hand had been disdained. Yet, even then he won the first round in his fight with that other fellow who had had the courage to shoot his own most intimate friends and the most valuable collaborators of his early days; in spring, 1935, Russia was granted a long-term loan of 200 million gold marks from Berlin. Litvinov's hypocritical speeches about Democracy in Geneva and elsewhere, the Russian succour for the Spanish Republic by tanks, aeroplanes and men—even the fulminating protests against the inhuman treatment of Communists in German concentration camps, were just dust in the eyes of the world, pressure upon Hitler to come to terms.

Many people in this country disapproved of the way in which the great Eastern "Democracy" had been neglected and offended when the fate of unhappy Czecho-Slovakia was settled in September 1938. For had not Russia's foreign minister Litvinov reiterated with a glib tongue that Russia, of course, would fulfil her Treaty obligations to her Slavonic brother if France fulfilled hers?

With his tongue in his cheek evidently! For shortly afterwards Stalin pledged himself not to sell his oil—life-blood of the war machine!—to others than Germany and Italy, and Hitler, at the same time, openly held a friendly conversation with the new Soviet Ambassador. He may have prepared the field for his subsequent wholesale swallowing of Czecho-Slovakia, and for many other things which the world witnessed during the summer of 1939, without being fully aware of their portent. They led to the conclusion of the Russo-German Treaty on the eve of the war, to the sealing of the fate of Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania.

Hitler's Dream of Vast Conquests

It is a marriage of convenience, however, which could not survive either defeat or overwhelming success of either of the partners. Hitler goes on dreaming of his ultimate conquests in the vast eastern plains, of transferring the Czechs and all other Slavs from Central Europe to Volhynia or Siberia, and of getting Ukrainia as his future granary.

To quote Hitler again, according to Rauschning: "The end of such a pact would be the decisive battle that cannot be escaped. Only *one* can rule. If we want to rule, we must first conquer Russia." Alluding to that great "gamble," he states: "It will never stop me from firmly retracing my steps, and attacking Russia when my aims in the West have been achieved."

Stalin's ruthless war upon the valiant Finns has taxed even docile Nazi Germany's allegiance to her unscrupulous leader to the uttermost. Hitler had to permit some help to be given Finland and thereby to enrage Moscow. But he did it with an understanding nod to Stalin, who will forgive it, as he forgave the blood-curdling speeches and slandering attacks. For there are still bourgeois to be jointly plundered; the racketeering business is still good enough for two.

We Tried to Save Half Our Ship

When the 17,000-ton London tanker "San Alberto" was torpedoed on December 9, the vessel broke in half. Members of the crew who had escaped in boats returned to their ship and raised steam, in the hope of getting the floating half to port. Their eventual rescue, as described by one of the officers, is here reprinted from the pages of "News Chronicle."

THE "San Alberto" was hit at 6.15 in the morning. The explosion blew the skipper into the air and in falling he broke his wrist. He was the only one injured.

"The torpedo tore up 60 ft. of deck, and the fore part of the ship was totally isolated from the after part. All the officers were in the fore part where their quarters were, and the men were in the after part.

"This resulted in there being no officers aft to direct the manning of lifeboats. The bo'sun, Malcolm Bain, of Greenock, as senior petty officer, took charge, and his splendid work in seeing that the men all got away safely cost him his life.

"He was a first-class seaman and a man of unflinching courage and discipline. He left himself until last; unfortunately there was not much time left, and in jumping into the last boat he missed and was lost.

"When daylight came we discovered that one of the boats containing three of the crew and a passenger had got lost. This boat we never saw again.

"Actually it was adrift for five days and four nights, and though the men had plenty of food all were suffering from exposure and trench feet when they landed at a South Coast port.

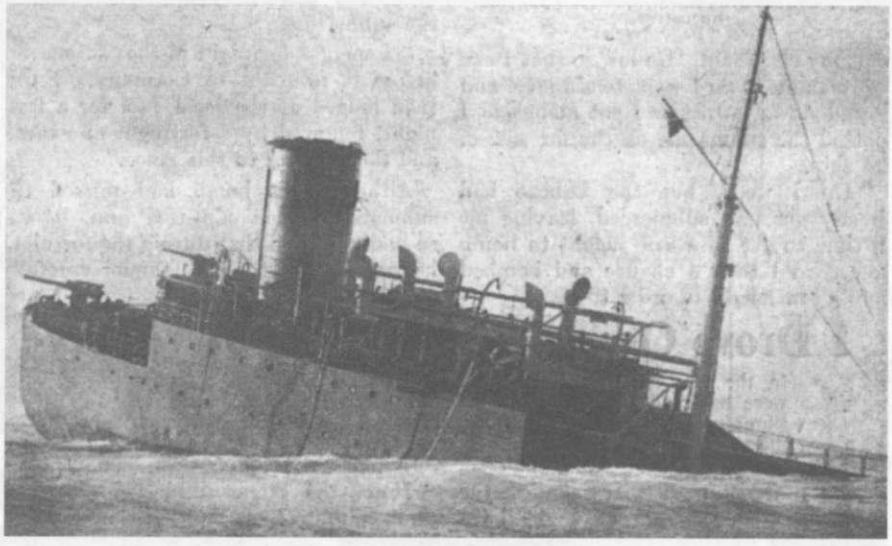
"All are now recovering. The rest of us, after 10 or 12 hours in the boats, decided that the after part of the ship would probably remain afloat a long time, so the whole of the crew returned.

"The engineers broke up accommodation fittings to raise steam in the auxiliary boilers so that they could get the main motor started. They did a magnificent job of work throughout.

"By keeping the engines going slow astern the crew prevented the seas from tearing the front part of the 'San Alberto's' remains to bits, but every time she came head to sea great strips of plating were torn away.

"We had lights and heating in the accommodation and hot meals all in a mere fragment of a ship. We made a fire on the poop in the hope of attracting a patrolling aeroplane, but after a time this was put out in case it should only bring another submarine.

"There was no radio, of course, and when the Belgian steamer 'Alexandra Andre' came along we signalled to her with a pocket torch. They sent out a boat, but the sea was too rough for it to get near.



The "San Alberto" was the second tanker belonging to the same owners to be sunk by enemy action. The first was the "San Calisto," which struck two mines off the south-east coast of England, and in this photograph is seen going down by the bow.

Photo, British International Photos

"Two men did jump. The first landed safely, but the other missed and in a few minutes he had drifted fully a mile away.

"Then the skipper of the Belgian ship showed the man he was. He backed up his ship and picked the man directly out of the water without the assistance of a small boat. In such a gale, it was a superb piece of seamanship.

"All rescue efforts were then abandoned until the morning, and the 'Alexandra Andre' began a vain search for the missing boat.

"She stood by all next day until a destroyer came in response to her radio call. The sea was still too rough for rescue efforts, and the destroyer stood by all the second night, and it was eventually decided that the only way to transfer the crew was by Carley Float.

"The ship was sinking rapidly, and there was not a minute to spare when the last of the men had been transferred.

"They all had to jump into the icy water and be dragged on to the float. It was bitterly cold and the gale was blowing even worse. Yet three of these men were at sea for the first time in their lives and could not swim a stroke.

"There was another passenger who had originally got away from the ship in the captain's boat. He, too, like everyone, behaved as though sailing in the remnant of a sinking ship was quite an everyday occurrence."

How I Bombed A German Submarine

For nearly two months the parents of Lieut. G. B. K. Griffiths, a naval airman, mourned him as dead when he failed to return from a flight. Then they received a letter from Germany describing his adventures and his capture by a German submarine. His story is here reprinted by permission of the "Daily Express."

WHEN Lieut. Griffiths reached Germany he was imprisoned in a castle, and he wrote from there: "The castle moat is filled with wild boars to prevent prisoners escaping. . . .

"I went out in my machine to look for a submarine which was supposed to have sunk one of our merchant ships. I could not find it, so started back.

"My observer suddenly shouted, 'There's a merchant ship on the horizon. Let's look at it.' When we were almost

I WAS THERE!

Lieutenant G. B. K. Griffiths, Royal Marines, whose remarkable adventures after bombing a U-boat are told in the accompanying narrative.
Photo, "Daily Express"

on it my chap said, 'Go low so that I can see its name.' So I went to sea level and slowed down. Just as I got alongside I spotted the submarine on the far side of the ship.

"Up I went, but the U-boat had already got half submerged, leaving me no time to get to a safe height to bomb from. So I took a chance and bombed from a low height in order to hit.

"My first bomb missed by about twenty feet and I hit the sea at 200 m.p.h. at a steep dive. I went straight down without stopping.

"I tried to get out of the cockpit, but was jammed in with a stuck roof. When I was almost out of breath I managed to break free and came to the surface. My observer must have been killed at once. I never saw him again. I looked for him, but with no luck.

"I then found I was nearly a mile away from the merchant ship, in very cold water, with flying clothes on and not a little knocked about. Somehow I got there, and clambered aboard.

"Some of the submarine's crew were collecting the ship's papers, and I was taken prisoner. A few minutes later up came the submarine, the ship was torpedoed almost at once, and once more I was submerged. I also had to swim to the submarine.

"I spent a fortnight in that submarine before it returned to Germany. I was then lodged at the local gaol for a fortnight, followed by a fortnight elsewhere, and then moved to this place."

Although his bomb had missed the submarine which captured him, it was so badly shaken that during the fortnight he was aboard the commander carefully avoided battle.

I Drove Over a Finnish Field of Victory

In the war in Finland the mass movements of Russian troops were harassed and broken up by comparatively small bodies of Finns armed with rifles and machine-guns. The scene of havoc following a battle on the Northern Front is vividly described here by the "Daily Express" correspondent, Geoffrey Cox.

On a forest road near Salla, on the Finnish Arctic front, I stood today among the bodies of a Russian column struck on the flank by the Finns.

To make this attack the Finns marched all night through the woods on skis.

For more than a mile both sides of the narrow snow-covered roads were choked with lorries, some smashed, some whole, with carcases of horses, overturned carts, masses of clothing, rifles, equipment and foodstuffs.

Amid this at every turn lay the crumpled figures of the dead.

This was where a supply column preparing to encamp for the night had been trapped. The Finns waited in pits by the roadside to fire into them practically at point blank range.

But the main battlefield was half a mile back. There, strewn across the road, lying on the stunted pine trees, were bodies in their drab Soviet khaki and with peaked caps carrying the red star in front.

There, too, were Finns in their white snow capes and grey fur caps fallen in the attack. They were easily identifiable. Their comrades had always covered their faces, sometimes with a cloth, sometimes just with a pine brush.

Here, the Soviet infantry, marching up in columns towards what they thought was a safe camping ground, suddenly met a double belt of machine-gun fire. This was where the Finns made their flank attack.

Lying in position in the woods the Finns kept up their fire as the Russians

A Soviet 'plane is flying over a house in the town of Salla in North Finland. Smoke is rising from an incendiary bomb dropped on a building just behind the house.

Some idea of the men who make up the vaunted Red Army can be obtained from this photograph of Russian prisoners taken by the Finns. Dejected, ill-clad and worse shod they are far from being the sort of men who go to make an invincible army.
Photos, Central Press and Planet News

I WAS THERE!

After the Battle the Grim Silence of Death and Captivity

This transport wagon captured from the Russians by the Finns carried a miscellaneous load, among it being a portrait of Stalin. In many convoys that have fallen into Finnish hands were found material obviously destined as propaganda to make new subjects of the U.S.S.R. familiar with their ruler.

Some of the dead men seen by Mr. Geoffrey Cox are lying here as they fell in their fruitless defence of the convoy. This photograph shows the head of the column, while that on the right, shows the centre of the convoy. The Finns used automatic pistols and hand grenades as well as machine-guns.

Above is the scene when a Russian convoy was ambushed by Finnish troops in one of the fiercely fought actions on the Arctic front. This long line of lorries fell as booty to the Finns after the remarkable action fought in the Salla region.

Photos, Keystone and Planet News

The Russian prisoners, left, were photographed on January 1, 1940, after they had surrendered to the Finns. In the action in which they held up their hands a small Finnish force on the Suomussalmi front routed 18,000 men of the 163rd Russian Division. In their defeat, as in others, the weather was a good ally of the Finns.

I WAS THERE!

A Russian motor-lorry has been overturned on its way to the front, and Finnish soldiers are examining its load, a pile of black bread, the principal fare of the Russian troops. Every such loss is a serious one to the Red Army, for difficulties of transport on each of the northern fronts have caused a shortage of food.

Photo, Planet News

disentangled themselves and got into position to fight back.

You could see clearly how the fight had gone. In one place a small group of Soviet soldiers lay around a machine-gun. They had fought to the end, for Finnish losses in the snow ahead were heavy.

At another place the Russian infantry, apparently retreating, had been wiped out from the back. They bodies lay in a long line across the road.

In a small clearing were a dozen Soviet guns. Their horses were dead in their traces fifty yards behind. The men were piled around a gun wheel. There had been hand-to-hand fighting, for many of the dead had died from bayonet wounds. This battle had lasted forty-eight hours.

The Russians, superior in numbers, had fought hard, but they never recovered from the shock of the first attack.

Now we came on the first traces of the battle as we drove out of a forest village of scattered wooden houses.

By the roadside three men approached us. Two were Finns with rifles in their hands, the third a Russian prisoner, his hands held high. He looked grey with exhaustion. He had been wandering in the woods for two days.

Beyond, in the snow, looking like bundles of rags from the distance, were the bodies of the advance guard of Finns and Russians.

We motored across a frozen river to the woods on the other side. Suddenly we came on the smashed column. At first sight it looked like a great junk heap on the outskirts of the wood.

More than twenty lorries lay deep in the ditch, others were overturned or had missing wheels. Three of them had been caught when their drivers were trying to turn to escape. Beside them the Finnish troops and peasants were carrying the dead into a big yellow van.

The Russians' horses had been mown down where they were tethered in a big circle under the trees. Their carcases lay in a great heap. There was gear of every description—telephone wires, mattresses, clothes, kettles, blankets, boots, shovels, ammunition, stacks of rifles, mostly with bayonets fixed, haversacks and gas-masks.

It seemed impossible in the winter afternoon silence, with the sky a soft gold behind the pine trees, to think what this battle meant, to realise how many of these people had been husbands, lovers, sons and fathers.

I could feel more easily about the Finns, because I have lived among them and am surrounded every day by these men in grey uniforms. But the Russians I do not know as individuals.

Then suddenly I saw lying in a pile of telephone material a broken plaster doll. It had come from a small suitcase in which was a child's pair of gym shoes and some woollen clothes. It was not hard to realise how they came there.

A Russian soldier, thinking of his child, had picked them up in some evacuated Finnish village. He had probably looked forward to the day when he would go back to his village and his child.

Now the doll and the clothes lay here in the snow.

I picked up a book lying on the road. Out of it fell two photographs. One was of a young Russian lieutenant with an open face, a solid man. The other showed a group of Red Army men photographed under a tree like an old group of some rowing crew. I looked at the book again. In its Russian lettering I spelled out the title—"The Principles of Leninism, by J. Stalin."

My Ship Broke Clean in Half

On Dec. 6, 1939, a tremendous explosion destroyed the Greek steamer "Paralos" in the Thames Estuary. Three of the crew of 27 were killed and ten injured, and the ship, her back broken, sank in ten minutes. Captain Cotomatis, master of the "Paralos," told the following story to the "Star."

CAPTAIN COTOMATIS believes he is a very lucky man to be alive.

"After the explosion, which was right amidships," he said, "the ship broke clean in half.

"I was on the bridge when the funnel came crashing down, missing me by a hair's breadth.

"Then down came the masts, together with a shower of debris.

"After the explosion only one lifeboat was left. The others were smashed to matchwood.

"This boat was loaded in orderly fashion, very special care being taken of the injured.

"Waist deep in water and clinging to a stay I had to crawl round the opposite side of the boat before I could be taken off.

"We were all very happy to see the British boat which picked us up."

Captain Cotomatis said that he could not say with any certainty whether his ship struck a mine or was hit by a torpedo. He thinks it was a mine.

The 10 injured men were taken to hospital, but only five were detained.

The remainder of the crew were sent to boarding houses. Most of them were in a state of collapse through fatigue.

The radio operator said:

"The explosion occurred after about three-quarters of an hour's steaming. We had been at anchor previously because we were not quite certain of our position.

"We found the skipper clinging to one of the funnel guys and took him off. We had already rescued the injured men and that was indeed a tough job."

Horse and Mule Keep Going When Motors Stop!

The training of horses and mules for transport work, in case rain and shell fire should make the Western Front a morass such as it was in the last war, goes on constantly. Above, horses of an Animal Transport Company of the R.A.S.C. are being exercised.
Photo, Central Press

THE British Army is perhaps more mechanized than any other in the world. Nevertheless, the experience of the last few months, when autumn and early winter rains and snow have been exceptionally heavy, has made it apparent that there must be a reserve of animal transport when the big guns get going and No-man's Land is churned into a sea of mud. Already a large number of horses and mules are being trained in Great Britain and France to meet such an emergency, and there is a call for still more.

The horse transport of the R.A.S.C. is learning the lessons of the last war. One of them is the art of camouflage. This man with a packhorse has camouflaged it cleverly enough—rather to the surprise of the horse!

Many veterans of the last war will have mixed memories of the mules—stubborn beasts that sometimes made life almost unbearable to their drivers, but whose surefootedness rendered them invaluable in places where horses would have been useless. These men, in training for the Animal Transport of the R.A.S.C., have named their two mules "Hitler" and "Goering," a stroke of humour that is evidently appreciated far more by the men than by the mules, to judge from the expressions.
Photos, Fox, Keystone

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Thursday, December 28, 1939

Censorship of Press messages from Moscow reimposed.

Fierce hand-to-hand fighting on frozen Suvanto river near **Mannerheim Line.** Finns claimed to have **wiped out two Russian companies.**

Reported that Russians have brought up picked Ogpu troops into Karelian Isthmus.

Air Ministry announced successful reconnaissance of north-west Germany on Dec. 27. One aircraft failed to return.

R.A.F. fighters chased unidentified 'plane above Scottish coast.

Admiralty announced that H.M. trawler "Loch Doon" must be considered lost with crew of 15.

Danish steamer "Hanne" sunk by mine.

Eight survivors (out of 43) of British freighter "Navasota" torpedoed early in December, landed at Capetown.

French Senate accepted Budget of £450,000,000 after stirring speech by M. Reynaud, Finance Minister.

Nazi authorities announced that entire population (70,000) of Polish town of Kalisz were to be deported to make room for German Balts.

Friday, December 29

Soviet troops in Salla section said to be in revolt.

Detachment of **Finnish troops reached and damaged Leningrad-Murmansk railway** at three points.

Finnish "Suicide Company" of 250 picked ski troops, first sent forward to attack railway, reported to have **penetrated as far as Kandalaksha,** an important Russian base on arm of White Sea.

Russians maintained pressure in Karelian Isthmus where they now have 9 divisions.

Finnish Government protested to Estonia against presence of Russian destroyers in Tallinn harbour.

British battleship, torpedoed by U-boat on Dec. 28, reached port under own steam.

Paris reported renewal of air activity on Western Front.

British trawler "Resercho" sunk by mine in North Sea.

British steamer "Moortoft" reported sunk.

Fishing trawler "Adam" reported having been bombed and machine-gunned by German seaplanes.

Saturday, December 30

Russian troops launched new attack against Mannerheim Line.

Finnish northern army virtually **destroyed Russian division** of 15,000 men near Lake Kianta, in Finland's "waist-line." Great quantity of war material and many tanks captured. Victory was culmination of battle raging in this sector for a week.

Patrol activity between Moselle and Saar, despite intense cold.

Paris reported sinking of U-boat by French warship off coast of Spain.

Air raid made on Hangoe, during which 60 bombs were dropped.

Sunday, December 31

Russian aircraft raided at least 11 Finnish towns, including Helsinki.

Successful Finnish counter-attack launched in Salla sector. Continuous heavy fighting in Karelian Isthmus.

Second contingent of Canadian troops arrived at a West Coast port.

German steamer "Tacoma," aboard which "Graf Spee" crew had been transferred on Dec. 18, left Montevideo by order of Uruguayan Government, and anchored outside harbour.

Monday, January 1, 1940

Royal Proclamation issued extending liability of men for military service up to age of 27.

Violent attack by Soviet forces in Taipale sector of Karelian Isthmus repulsed.

North of Suomussalmi Finnish troops were in pursuit of defeated Russians.

Bombing raid made on Turku (Aabo), with result that historic castle was burnt down.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XV

FILIUS ULTOR

A (1914) War Widow to Her Son

By WILLIAM BLISS

In that old war—it seems but yesterday—
Your father fought. I met him at a dance.
A week we loved. He took my heart away
And it is dust, with him, "somewhere in France."

Now *you* must go. I have no fear, for he,
Who never saw, shall bring you home to me
When, by your hand, his death avenged shall be—
And my lost years—*somewhere in Germany!*

German 'planes raided Shetlands; **one bomber shot down. Heinkel seaplane brought down** in North Sea by machines of Coastal Command.

British steamer "Box Hill" sunk.

Norwegian steamer "Luna" torpedoed without warning.

Reply to League of Nations stated that British Government would give all possible help to Finland, and was already taking steps to do so.

German steamer "Tacoma" returned to Montevideo and was interned.

Italy recalled her ambassador in Moscow in reply to Soviet's action in recalling its new ambassador in Rome, following anti-Soviet demonstrations in that city.

Tuesday, January 2

Nazi aeroplane sighted over Shetlands.

Russians launched attack on Mannerheim Line, but a blizzard over southern Finland brought fighting to a standstill.

Finnish successes at Lake Kianta and other points on eastern front have relieved pressure on railway line from Joensuu to Nurmes and Oulu, of great strategic importance to Finland.

Details were published of great Finnish victory in region of Lake Tolva, north of Lake Ladoga, where fighting raged from Dec. 13-23. Soviet division annihilated, and vast quantities of war material destroyed or captured.

Report from Berlin stated that Stalin had applied to German Government for 200,000 experts to reorganise Russian economy. Later denied.

The King visited an Army Division in the Southern Command and made an 80 mile tour of the various units.

Fight over North Sea near German coast **between three R.A.F. bombers and 12 Messerschmitt long-range fighters.** One fighter shot down in flames; two others driven down and probably lost. One British machine shot down and another missing.

Survivors of crew of Swedish steamers "Lars Magnus Trozelli," sunk by enemy action, landed at Haugesund.

Estonian steamer "Mina" reported missing.

Freezing of Danube has cut off Germany from over three-quarters of products supplied to her by Balkans.

Prague announced that new wave of arrests had swept over Protectorate, victims including ex-officers of Czecho-Slovak army and journalists.

Wednesday, January 3

H.M.S. "Ajax" arrived at Montevideo, and H.M.S. "Achilles" at Buenos Aires, for refuelling and provisioning. Both ships received a tumultuous welcome.

During five weeks of war **Finns** claim to have **destroyed 400 Russian tanks and** brought down at least **150 'planes.**

Finnish air force raided Soviet base at Uhtua, opposite Finnish "waistline," and also Murmansk and Russian base at Liinahamari, port in Petsamo region. Machines used were fast bombers.

Reported that Arctic weather conditions were responsible for as many Russian deaths as were the Finns.

R.A.F. reconnaissance machine forced down in Belgian territory after being engaged by three enemy fighters in neighbourhood of frontier between Germany and Belgium.

Paris reported that patrols and reconnaissance parties were active on Western Front. French fighters **brought down two enemy 'planes.**

President Roosevelt, opening third session of Congress, warned Americans that isolation was impossible and that the mission of U.S.A. was to promote peace by means of trade co-operation.

Swedish steamer "Svarton" sunk by U-boat off north coast of Scotland.

M. Daladier stated that France would help Finland by every means in her power.

British Contraband Control announced that 20,800 tons of goods were intercepted during week ended December 30.

Germany said to have warned Scandinavian countries that if Allies gain advantages there "under pretence of" helping Finland, she will interfere.

From the cartoon by Sir Bernard Partridge, by permission of the proprietors of "Punch."